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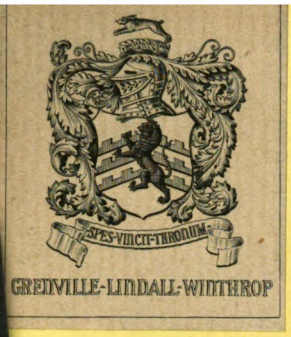

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THE

WORKS

OF

MRS. HEMANS,

WITH

A MEMOIR BY HER SISTER,

AND

AN ESSAY ON HER GENIUS,

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA AND BLANCHARD.
1840.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

THE FOREST SANCTUARY ..... Page 9
Notes to Ditto 77

LAYS OF MANY LANDS:—

Moorish Bridal Song 87
The Bird's Release 89
The Sword of the Tomb 91
Valkyriur Song 97
The Cavern of the Three Tells 100
Swiss Song 103
The Messenger Bird 105
The Stranger in Louisiana 108
The Isle of Founts 110
The Bended Bow 114
He never smiled again 116
Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father 117
The Vassal's Lament for the Fallen Tree 121
The Wild Huntsman 123
Brandenburg Harvest-Song 125
The Shade of Theseus 126

Digitized by Google

Ancient Greek Song of Exile 128
Greek Funeral Chant 129
The Parting Song 134
The Suliote Mother 138
The Farewell to the Dead 140

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES:—

The Treasures of the Deep 145
Bring Flowers 146
The Crusader's Return 148
Thekla's Song 151
The Revellers 152
The Conqueror's Sleep 154
Our Lady's Well 156
The Parting of Summer 158
The Songs of Our Fathers 160
The World in the Open Air 162
Kindred Hearts 164
The Traveller at the Source of the Nile 165
Casabianca 168
The Dial of Flowers 170
Our Daily Paths 171
The Cross in the Wilderness 175
Last Rites 178
The Hebrew Mother 180
The Wreck 183
The Trumpet 185
Evening Prayer at a Girls' School 186
The Hour of Death 188

Digitized by Google

The Lost Pleiad 190
The Cliffs of Dover 191
The Graves of Martyrs 192
The Hour of Prayer 194
The Voice of Home to the Prodigal 195
The Wakening 197
The Breeze from Shore 198
The Dying Improvisatore 200
Music of Yesterday 202
The Forsaken Hearth 204
The Dreamer 206
The Wings of the Dove 207
Psyche borne to the Isle of Pleasure 209
The Boon of Memory 211

DARTMOOR, (a Prize Poem) 215
Notes to ditto 229

WELSH MELODIES:—

Introductory Stanzas—The Harp of Wales ... 233
Druid Chorus on the Landing of the Romans .. 234
The Green Isles of Ocean 235
The Sea Song of Gafran 236
The Hirlas Horn 237
The Hall of Cynddylan 239
The Lament of Llywarch Hen 240
Grufydd's Feast 242
The Cambrian in America 244
The Monarchy of Britain 245
Taliesin's Prophecy 246

Digitized by Google

Owen Glyndwr's War Song 247
Prince Madoc's Farewell 249
Caswallon's Triumph 250
Howel's Song 252
The Mountain Fires 253
Eryri Wen 255
Chant of the Bards 257
The Dying Bard's Prophecy 258
The Fair Isle 260
The Rock of Cader Idris 261

HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD:—

Introductory Verses 265
The Rainbow 266
The Sun 268
The Rivers 269
The Stars 270
The Ocean 272
The Thunder-Storm 273
The Birds 275
The Sky-lark 277
The Nightingale 278
Paraphrase of Psalm cxlviii 279
The Northern Spring 281

DE CHATILLON, or the Crusaders, a Tragedy 283

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES:—

Fairy Favours 335
I go, Sweet Friends 337
Angel Visits 338

Digitized by Google

Ivy Song 340
To one of the Author's Children on his Birthday 342
On a Similar Occasion 342
Christ Stilling the Tempest 343
Epitaph over the Grave of Two Brothers 344
Monumental Inscription 345
The Sound of the Sea 345
The Child and Dove 347
A Dirge 348
Scene in a Dalecarlian Mine 348
English Soldier's Song of Memory 350
Haunted Ground 352
The Child of the Forests 354
Stanzas to the Memory of * * * 355
The Vaudois Valleys 356
Song of the Spanish Wanderer 359
The Contadina 360

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THE FOREST SANCTUARY.

Ihr Plätze aller meiner stillen freuden,
Euch lass' ich hinter mir auf immerdar!

* * * * * * * *

So ist des geistes ruf an mich ergangen,
Mich treibt nicht eitles, irdisches verlangen.

Die Jungfrau von Orleans

Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffer'd bonds.

Remorse, a Tragedy.

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The following Poem is intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, in the sixteenth century, takes refuge, with his child, in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself, amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.

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THE

FOREST SANCTUARY.

I.

THE voices of my home!—I hear them still!
They have been with me through the dreamy night—
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight!
I hear them still, unchanged:—though some from earth
Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright!
Have died in others,—yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home!

II.

They call me through this hush of woods reposing,
In the grey stillness of the summer morn;
They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,
And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born;
Even as a fount's remember'd gushings burst
On the parch'd traveller in his hour of thirst,

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E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till worn
By quenchless longings, to my soul I say—
Oh! for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,—

III.

And find mine ark!—yet whither?—I must bear
A yearning heart within me to the grave.
I am of those o'er whom a breath of air—
Just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,
And sighing through the feathery canes (1)—hath power
To call up shadows, in the silent hour,
From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave!—
So must it be!—These skies above me spread,
Are they my own soft skies?—Ye rest not here, my dead!

IV.

Ye far amidst the southern flowers lie sleeping,
Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear,
Save one! a blue, lone, distant main is sweeping
High o'er *one* gentle head—ye rest not here!—
'Tis not the olive, with a whisper swaying,
Not thy low ripplings, glassy water, playing
Through my own chestnut groves, which fill mine ear;
But the faint echoes in my breast that dwell,
And for their birthplace moan, as moans the ocean-shell. (2)

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V.

Peace!—I will dash these fond regrets to earth,
Even as an eagle shakes the cumbering rain
From his strong pinion. Thou that gavest me birth,
And lineage, and once home,—my native Spain!
My own bright land—my father's land—my child's!
What hath thy son brought from thee to the wilds?
He hath brought marks of torture and the chain,
Traces of things which pass not as a breeze;
A blighted name, dark thoughts, wrath, woe,—thy gifts are these!

VI.

A blighted name!—I hear the winds of morn—
Their sounds are not of this!—I hear the shiver
Of the green reeds, and all the rustlings, borne
From the high forest, when the light leaves quiver:
Their sounds are not of this!—the cedars, waving,
Lend it no tone: His wide savannahs laving,
It is not murmur'd by the joyous river!
What part hath mortal name, where God alone
Speaks to the mighty waste, and through its heart is known?

VII.

Is it not much that I may worship Him,
With nought my spirit's breathings to control,
And feel His presence in the vast, and dim,
And whispery woods, where dying thunders roll
From the far cataracts?—Shall I not rejoice
That I have learn'd at last to know *His* voice

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From man's?—I will rejoice!—my soaring soul
Now hath redeem'd her birthright of the day,
And won, through clouds, to Him, her own unfetter'd way!

VIII.

And thou, my boy! that silent at my knee
Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark, earnest eyes,
Fill'd with the love of childhood, which I see
Pure through its depths, a thing without disguise;
Thou that hast breathed in slumber on my breast,
When I have check'd its throbs to give thee rest,
Mine own! whose young thoughts fresh before me rise!
Is it not much that I may guide thy prayer,
And circle thy glad soul with free and healthful air?

IX.

Why should I weep on thy bright head, my boy?
Within thy fathers' halls thou wilt not dwell,
Nor lift their banner, with a warrior's joy,
Amidst the sons of mountain chiefs, who fell
For Spain of old.—Yet what if rolling waves
Have borne us far from our ancestral graves?
Thou shalt not feel thy bursting heart rebel,
As mine hath done; nor bear what I have borne,
Casting in falsehood's mould th' indignant brow of scorn.

X.

This shall not be thy lot, my blessed child!
I have not sorrow'd, struggled, lived in vain—
Hear me! magnificent and ancient wild;
And mighty rivers, ye that meet the main,

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As deep meets deep; and forests, whose dim shade
The flood's voice, and the wind's, by swells pervade;
Hear me!—'tis well to die, and not complain,
Yet there are hours when the charged heart must speak,
E'en in the desert's ear to pour itself, or break!

XI.

I see an oak before me: (3) it hath been
The crown'd one of the woods; and might have flung
Its hundred arms to heaven, still freshly green,
But a wild vine around the stem hath clung,
From branch to branch close wreaths of bondage throwing,
Till the proud tree, before no tempest bowing,
Hath shrunk and died those serpent-folds among.
Alas! alas! what is it that I see?
An image of man's mind, land of my sires, with thee!

XII.

Yet art thou lovely!—Song is on thy hills—
Oh, sweet and mournful melodies of Spain,
That lull'd my boyhood, how your memory thrills
The exile's heart with sudden-wakening pain!
Your sounds are on the rocks:—That I might hear
Once more the music of the mountaineer!
And from the sunny vales the shepherd's strain
Floats out, and fills the solitary place
With the old tuneful names of Spain's heroic race.

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XIII.

But there was silence one bright, golden day,
Through my own pine-hung mountains. Clear, yet lone,
In the rich autumn light the vineyards lay,
And from the fields the peasant's voice was gone;
And the red grapes untrodden strew'd the ground,
And the free flocks, untended, roam'd around:—
Where was the pastor?—where the pipe's wild tone?
Music and mirth were hush'd the hills among,
While to the city's gates each hamlet pour'd its throng.

XIV.

Silence upon the mountains! But within
The city's gate a rush, a press, a swell
Of multitudes, their torrent way to win;
And heavy boomings of a dull deep bell,
A dead pause following each—like that which parts
The dash of billows, holding breathless hearts
Fast in the hush of fear—knell after knell;
And sounds of thickening steps, like thunder-rain
That plashes on the roof of some vast echoing fane!

XV.

What pageant's hour approach'd? The sullen gate
Of a strong ancient prison-house was thrown
Back to the day. And who, in mournful state,
Came forth, led slowly o'er its threshold-stone?
They that had learn'd, in cells of secret gloom,
How sunshine is forgotten! They, to whom

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The very features of mankind were grown
Things that bewilder'd! O'er their dazzled sight
They lifted their wan hands, and cower'd before the light!

XVI.

To this, man brings his brother! Some were there,
Who, with their desolation, had entwined
Fierce strength, and girt the sternness of despair
Fast round their bosoms, even as warriors bind
The breastplate on for fight; but brow and cheek
Seem'd *theirs* a torturing panoply to speak!
And there were some, from whom the very mind
Had been wrung out:—they smiled—oh! startling smile,
Whence man's high soul is fled! Where doth it sleep the while?

XVII.

But onward moved the melancholy train,
For their false creeds in fiery pangs to die.
This was the solemn sacrifice of Spain—
Heaven's offering from the land of chivalry!
Through thousands, thousands of their race they moved—
Oh! how unlike all others!—the beloved,
The free, the proud, the beautiful! whose eye
Grew fix'd before them, while a people's breath
Was hush'd, and its one soul bound in the thought of death!

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XVIII.

It might be that, amidst the countless throng,
There swell'd some heart with pity's weight oppress'd,
For the wide stream of human love is strong;
And woman, on whose fond and faithful breast
Childhood is rear'd, and at whose knee the sigh
Of its first prayer is breathed, she, too, was nigh.
But life is dear, and the free footstep bless'd,
And home a sunny place, where each may fill
Some eye with glistening smiles,—and therefore all were still.

XIX.

All still,—youth, courage, strength!—a winter laid,
A chain of palsy cast, on might and mind!
Still, as at noon a southern forest's shade
They stood, those breathless masses of mankind;
Still, as a frozen torrent!—but the wave
Soon leaps to foaming freedom—they, the brave,
Endured—they saw the martyr's place assign'd
In the red flames—whence is the withering spell
That numbs each human pulse?—they saw, and thought it well.

XX.

And I, too, thought it well! That very morn
From a far land I came, yet round me clung
The spirit of my own. No hand had torn
With a strong grasp away the veil which hung

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Between mine eyes and truth. I gazed, I saw
Dimly, as through a glass. In silent awe
I watch'd the fearful rites; and if there sprung
One rebel feeling from its deep founts up,
Shuddering, I flung it back, as guilt's own poison-cup.

XXI.

But I was waken'd as the dreamers waken
Whom the shrill trumpet and the shriek of dread
Rose up at midnight, when their walls are taken,
And they must battle till their blood is shed
On their own threshold-floor. A path for light
Through my torn breast was shatter'd by the might
Of the swift thunder-stroke—and freedom's tread
Came in through ruins, late, yet not in vain,
Making the blighted place all green with life again.

XXII.

Still darkly, slowly, as a sullen mass
Of cloud, o'ersweeping, without wind, the sky,
Dream-like I saw the sad procession pass,
And mark'd its victims with a tearless eye.
They moved before me but as pictures, wrought
Each to reveal some secret of man's thought,
On the sharp edge of sad mortality,
Till in his place came one—oh! could it be?
My friend, my heart's first friend!—and did I gaze
on thee?

XXIII.

On thee! with whom in boyhood I had play'd,
At the grape-gatherings, by my native streams;

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And to whose eye my youthful soul had laid
Bare, as to Heaven's, its glowing world of dreams;
And by whose side 'midst warriors I had stood,
And in whose helm was brought—oh! earn'd with blood!
The fresh wave to my lips, when tropic beams
Smote on my fever'd brow!—Ay, years had pass'd,
Severing our paths, brave friend!—and *thus* we meet at last!

XXIV.

I see it still—the lofty mien thou borest—
On thy pale forehead sat a sense of power!
The very look that once thou brightly worest,
Cheering me onward through a fearful hour,
When we were girt by Indian bow and spear
'Midst the white Andes—even as mountain deer,
Hemm'd in our camp—but through the javelin shower
We rent our way, a tempest of despair!
And thou—hadst thou but died with thy true brethren there!

XXV.

I call the fond wish back—for thou hast perish'd
More nobly far, my Alvar!—making known
The might of truth; (4) and be thy memory cherish'd
With theirs, the thousands that around her throne
Have pour'd their lives out smiling, in that doom
Finding a triumph, if denied a tomb!—
Ay, with their ashes hath the wind been sown,
And with the wind their spirit shall be spread,
Filling man's heart and home with records of the dead.

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XXVI.

Thou Searcher of the soul! in whose dread sight
Not the bold guilt alone that mocks the skies,
But the scarce-own'd, unwhisper'd thought of night,
As a thing written with the sunbeam lies;
Thou know'st—whose eye through shade and depth can see,
That this man's crime was but to worship thee,
Like those that made their hearts thy sacrifice,
The call'd of yore—wont by the Saviour's side,
On the dim Olive-Mount, to pray at eventide.

XXVII.

For the strong spirit will at times awake,
Piercing the mists that wrap her clay abode;
And, born of thee, she may not always take
Earth's accents for the oracles of God;
And even for this—O dust, whose mask is power!
Reed, that would'st be a scourge thy little hour!
Spark, whereon yet the mighty hath not trod,
And therefore thou destroyest!—where were flown
Our hopes, if man were left to man's decree alone?

XXVIII.

But this I felt not yet. I could but gaze
On him, my friend; while that swift moment threw
A sudden freshness back on vanish'd days,
Like water-drops on some dim picture's hue;
Calling the proud time up, when first I stood
Where banners floated, and my heart's quick blood

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Sprang to a torrent as the clarion blew,
And he—his sword was like a brother's worn,
That watches through the field his mother's youngest born.

XXIX.

But a lance met me in that day's career,
Senseless I lay amidst th' o'ersweeping fight,
Wak'ning at last—how full, how strangely clear,
That scene on memory flash'd!—the shivery light,
Moonlight, on broken shields—the plain of slaughter,
The fountain-side—the low sweet sound of water—
And Alvar bending o'er me—from the night
Covering me with his mantle!—all the past
Flow'd back—my soul's far chords all answer'd to the blast.

XXX.

Till, in that rush of visions, I became
As one that, by the bands of slumber wound,
Lies with a powerless but all-thrilling frame,
Intense in consciousness of sight and sound,
Yet buried in a wildering dream which brings
Loved faces round him, girt with fearful things!
Troubled even thus I stood, but chain'd and bound
On that familiar form mine eye to keep:—
Alas! I might not fall upon his neck and weep!

XXXI.

He pass'd me—and what next?—I look'd on two,
Following his footsteps to the same dread place,
For the same guilt—his sisters! (5)—Well I knew
The beauty on those brows, though each young face

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Was changed—so deeply changed!—a dungeon's air
Is hard for loved and lovely things to bear;
And ye, O daughters of a lofty race,
Queen-like Theresa! radiant Inez!—flowers
So cherish'd! were ye then but rear'd for those dark hours?

XXXII.

A mournful home, young sisters! had ye left,
With your lutes hanging hush'd upon the wall,
And silence round the aged man, bereft
Of each glad voice, once answering to his call.
Alas, that lonely father! doom'd to pine
For sounds departed in his life's decline,
And, 'midst the shadowing banners of his hall,
With his white hair to sit, and deem the name
A hundred chiefs had borne, cast down by you to shame! (6)

XXXIII.

And woe for you, 'midst looks and words of love,
And gentle hearts and faces, nursed so long!
How had I seen you in your beauty move,
Wearing the wreath, and listening to the song!
—Yet sat, even then, what seem'd the crowd to shun,
Half-veil'd upon the clear pale brow of one,
And deeper thoughts than oft to youth belong,
Thoughts, such as wake to evening's whispery sway,
Within the drooping shade of her sweet eyelids lay.

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XXXIV.

And if she mingled with the festive train,
It was but as some melancholy star
Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,
In its bright stillness present, though afar.
Yet would she smile—and that, too, hath its smile—
Circled with joy which reach'd her not the while,
And bearing a lone spirit, not at war
With earthly things, but o'er their form and hue
Shedding too clear a light, too sorrowfully true.

XXXV.

But the dark hours wring forth the hidden might
Which hath lain bedded in the silent soul,
A treasure all undreamt of;—as the night
Calls out the harmonies of streams that roll
Unheard by day. It seem'd as if her breast
Had hoarded energies, till then suppress'd
Almost with pain, and bursting from control,
And finding first that hour their pathway free:—
Could a rose brave the storm, such might her emblem be!

XXXVI.

For the soft gloom whose shadow still had hung
On her fair brow, beneath its garlands worn,
Was fled; and fire, like prophecy's, had sprung
Clear to her kindled eye. It might be scorn—
Pride—sense of wrong—ay, the frail heart is bound
By these at times, even as with adamant round,

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Kept so from breaking!—yet not *thus* upborne
She moved, though some sustaining passion's wave
Lifted her fervent soul—a sister for the brave!

XXXVII.

And yet, alas! to see the strength which clings
Round women in such hours!—a mournful sight,
Though lovely!—an o'erflowing of the springs,
The full springs of affection, deep as bright!
And she, because her life is ever twined
With other lives, and by no stormy wind
May thence be shaken, and because the light
Of tenderness is round her, and her eye
Doth weep such passionate tears—therefore she thus can die.

XXXVIII.

Therefore didst *thou*, through that heart-shaking scene,
As through a triumph, move; and cast aside
Thine own sweet thoughtfulness for victory's mien,
O faithful sister! cheering thus the guide,
And friend, and brother of thy sainted youth,
Whose hand had led thee to the source of truth,
Where thy glad soul from earth was purified;
Nor wouldst thou, following him through all the past,
That he should see thy step grow tremulous at last.

XXXIX.

For thou hast made no deeper love a guest
'Midst thy young spirit's dreams, than that which grows

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Between the nurtured of the same fond breast,
The shelter'd of one roof; and thus it rose
Twined in with life.—How is it that the hours
Of the same sport, the gathering early flowers
Round the same tree, the sharing one repose,
And mingling one first prayer in murmurs soft,
From the heart's memory fade, in this world's breath
so oft?

XL.

But thee that breath had touch'd not; thee, nor him,
The true in all things found!—and thou wert blest
Even then, that no remember'd change could dim
The perfect image of affection, press'd
Like armour to thy bosom!—thou hadst kept
Watch by thy brother's couch of pain, and wept,
Thy sweet face covering with thy robe, when rest
Fled from the sufferer; thou hadst bound his faith
Unto thy soul;—one light, one hope ye chose—one
death.

XLI.

So didst thou pass on brightly!—but for her,
Next in that path, how may *her* doom be spoken!
All merciful! to think that such things were,
And *are*, and seen by men with hearts unbroken!
To think of that fair girl, whose path had been
So strew'd with rose-leaves, all one fairy scene!
And whose quick glance came ever as a token
Of hope to drooping thought, and her glad voice
As a free bird's in spring, that makes the woods
rejoice!

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XLII.

And she to die!—she loved the laughing earth
With such deep joy in its fresh leaves and flowers!
Was not her smile even as the sudden birth
Of a young rainbow, colouring vernal showers?
Yes! but to meet her fawn-like step, to hear
The gushes of wild song, so silvery clear,
Which oft, unconsciously, in happier hours
Flow'd from her lips, was to forget the sway
Of Time and Death below, blight, shadow, dull decay!

XLIII.

Could this change be?—the hour, the scene, where last
I saw that form, came floating o'er my mind:—
A golden vintage-eve; the heats were pass'd,
And, in the freshness of the fanning wind,
Her father sat where gleam'd the first faint star
Through the lime-boughs; and with her light guitar,
She, on the greensward at his feet reclined,
In his calm face laugh'd up; some shepherd lay
Singing, as childhood sings on the lone hills at play.

XLIV.

And now—oh God!—the bitter fear of death,
The sore amaze, the faint o'ershadowing dread,
Had grasp'd her!—panting in her quick-drawn breath,
And in her white lips quivering;—onward led,
She look'd up with her dim bewilder'd eyes,
And there smiled out her own soft brilliant skies,
Far in their sultry southern azure spread,

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Glowing with joy, but silent!—still they smiled,
Yet sent down no reprieve for earth's poor trembling child.

XLV.

Alas! that earth had all too strong a hold,
Too fast, sweet Inez! on thy heart, whose bloom
Was given to early love, nor knew how cold
The hours which follow. There was one, with whom,
Young as thou wert, and gentle, and untried,
Thou might'st, perchance, unshrinkingly have died:
But he was far away;—and with thy doom
Thus gathering, life grew so intensely dear,
That all thy slight frame shook with its cold mortal fear!

XLVI.

No aid!—thou too didst pass!—and all had pass'd,
The fearful—and the desperate—and the strong!
Some like the bark that rushes with the blast,
Some like the leaf swept shiveringly along,
And some as men, that have but one more field
To fight, and then may slumber on their shield,—
Therefore they arm in hope. But now the throng
Roll'd on, and bore me with their living tide,
Even as a bark wherein is left no power to guide.

XLVII.

Wave swept on wave. We reach'd a stately square,
Deck'd for the rites. An altar stood on high,
And gorgeous, in the midst: a place for prayer,
And praise, and offering. Could the earth supply

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No fruits, no flowers for sacrifice, of all
Which on her sunny lap unheeded fall?
No fair young firstling of the flock to die,
As when before their God the patriarchs stood?—
Look down! man brings thee, Heaven! his brother's
guiltless blood!

XLVIII.

Hear its voice, hear!—a cry goes up to thee,
From the stain'd sod; make thou thy judgment
known
On him, the shedder!—let his portion be
The fear that walks at midnight—give the moan
In the wind haunting him, a power to say,
"Where is thy brother?"—and the stars a ray
To search and shake his spirit, when alone,
With the dread splendour of their burning eyes!
—So shall earth own thy will—mercy, not sacrifice!

XLIX.

Sounds of triumphant praise!—the mass was sung—
Voices that die not might have pour'd such strains!
Through Salem's towers might that proud chant
have rung
When the Most High, on Syria's palmy plains,
Had quell'd her foes!—so full it swept, a sea
Of loud waves jubilant, and rolling free!
—Oft when the wind, as through resounding fanes,
Hath fill'd the choral forests with its power,
Some deep tone brings me back the music of that
hour.

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L.

It died away;—the incense-cloud was driven
Before the breeze—the words of doom were said;
And the sun faded mournfully from heaven:
—He faded mournfully! and dimly red,
Parting in clouds from those that look'd their last,
And sigh'd—"Farewell, thou sun!"—Eve glow'd and pass'd—
Night—midnight and the moon—came forth and shed
Sleep, even as dew, on glen, wood, peopled spot—
Save one—a place of death—and there men slumber'd not.

LI.

'Twas not within the city—(7) but in sight
Of the snow-crown'd siérras, freely sweeping,
With many an eagle's eyrie on the height,
And hunter's cabin, by the torrent peeping
Far off: and vales between, and vineyards lay,
With sound and gleam of waters on their way,
And chestnut woods, that girt the happy sleeping
In many a peasant-home!—the midnight sky
Brought softly that rich world round those who came to die.

LII.

The darkly-glorious midnight sky of Spain,
Burning with stars!—What had the torches' glare
To do beneath that temple, and profane
Its holy radiance?—By their wavering flare,
I saw beside the pyres—I see thee *now*,

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O bright Theresa! with thy lifted brow,
And thy clasp'd hands, and dark eyes fill'd with prayer!
And thee, sad Inez! bowing thy fair head,
And mantling up thy face, all colourless with dread!

LIII.

And Alvar, Alvar!—I beheld thee too,
Pale, steadfast, kingly; till thy clear glance fell
On that young sister; then perturb'd it grew,
And all thy labouring bosom seem'd to swell
With painful tenderness. Why came I there,
That troubled image of my friend to bear
Thence, for my after-years?—a thing to dwell
In my heart's core, and on the darkness rise,
Disquieting my dreams with its bright mournful eyes?

LIV.

Why came I? oh! the heart's deep mystery!—Why
In man's last hour doth vain affection's gaze
Fix itself down on struggling agony,
To the dimm'd eye-balls freezing as they glaze?
It might be—yet the power to will seem'd o'er—
That my soul yearn'd to hear his voice once more!
But mine was fetter'd;—mute in strong amaze,
I watch'd his features as the night-wind blew,
And torch-light or the moon's pass'd o'er their marble hue.

LV.

The trampling of a steed!—a tall white steed,
Rending his fiery way the crowds among—

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A storm's way through a forest—came at speed,
And a wild voice cried "Inez!" Swift she flung
The mantle from her face, and gazed around,
With a faint shriek, at that familiar sound;
And from his seat a breathless rider sprung,
And dash'd off fiercely those who came to part,
And rush'd to that pale girl, and clasp'd her to his heart.

LVI.

And for a moment all around gave way
To that full burst of passion!—on his breast,
Like a bird panting yet from fear, she lay,
But blest—in misery's very lap—yet blest!—
Oh love, love strong as death!—from such an hour
Pressing out joy by thine immortal power;
Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest
For thee and thine, this world were all too fair!
How could we thence be wean'd to die without despair?

LVII.

But she—as falls a willow from the storm,
O'er its own river streaming—thus reclined
On the youth's bosom hung her fragile form,
And clasping arms, so passionately twined
Around his neck—with such a trusting fold,
A full deep sense of safety in their hold,
As if nought earthly might th' embrace unbind!
Alas! a child's fond faith, believing still
Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's reach to kill!

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LVIII.

Brief rest! upon the turning billow's height,
A strange, sweet moment of some heavenly strain,
Floating between the savage gusts of night,
That sweep the seas to foam! Soon dark again
The hour—the scene—th' intensely present, rush'd
Back on her spirit, and her large tears gush'd
Like blood-drops from a victim; with swift rain
Bathing the bosom where she lean'd that hour,
As if her life would melt into th' o'erswelling shower.

LIX.

But he whose arm sustain'd her!—oh! I knew
'T was vain,—and yet he hoped!—he fondly strove
Back from her faith her sinking soul to woo,
As life might yet be hers!—A dream of love
Which could not look upon so fair a thing,
Remembering how like hope, like joy, like spring,
Her smile was wont to glance, her step to move,
And deem that men indeed, in very truth,
Could mean the sting of death for her soft flowering youth!

LX.

He woo'd her back to life.—"Sweet Inez, live!
My blessed Inez!—visions have beguiled
Thy heart; abjure them! thou wert form'd to give,
And to find, joy; and hath not sunshine smiled
Around thee ever? Leave me not, mine own!
Or earth will grow too dark!—for thee alone,
Thee have I loved, thou gentlest! from a child,

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And borne thine image with me o'er the sea,
Thy soft voice in my soul—speak!—Oh! yet live
for me!"

LXI.

She look'd up wildly; there were anxious eyes
Waiting that look—sad eyes of troubled thought,
Alvar's—Theresa's!—Did her childhood rise,
With all its pure and home-affections fraught,
In the brief glance?—She clasp'd her hands—
the strife
Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream of life,
Within her woman's breast so deeply wrought,
It seem'd as if a reed so slight and weak
Must, in the rending storm, not quiver only—break!

LXII.

And thus it was—the young cheek flush'd and
faded,
As the swift blood in currents came and went,
And hues of death the marble brow o'ershaded,
And the sunk eye a wat'ry lustre sent
Through its white fluttering lids. Then tremblings
pass'd
O'er the frail form that shook it, as the blast
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
Its way to peace—the fearful way unknown—
Pale in love's arms she lay—*she!*—what had loved
was gone!

LXIII.

Joy for thee, trembler!—thou redeem'd one, joy!
Young dove set free!—earth, ashes, soulless clay,

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Remain'd for baffled vengeance to destroy;
—*Thy* chain was riven!—nor hadst thou cast away
Thy hope in thy last hour!—though love was there
Striving to wring thy troubled soul from prayer,
And life seem'd robed in beautiful array,
Too fair to leave!—but this might be forgiven,
Thou wert so richly crown'd with precious gifts of Heaven!

LXIV.

But woe for him who felt the heart grow still,
Which, with its weight of agony, had lain
Breaking on his!—Scarce could the mortal chill
Of the hush'd bosom, ne'er to heave again,
And all the silence curdling round the eye,
Bring home the stern belief that she could die—
That she indeed could die!—for wild and vain
As hope might be—his soul *had* hoped—'t was o'er—
Slowly his failing arms dropp'd from the form they bore.

LXV.

They forced him from that spot. It might be well,
That the fierce, reckless words by anguish wrung
From his torn breast, all aimless as they fell,
Like spray-drops from the strife of torrents flung,
Were mark'd as guilt.—There are, who note these things
Against the smitten heart; its breaking strings
—On whose low thrills once gentle music hung—

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With a rude hand of touch unholy trying,
And numbering then as crimes, the deep, strange
tones replying.

LXVI.

But ye in solemn joy, O faithful pair!
Stood gazing on your parted sister's dust;
I saw your features by the torch's glare,
And they were brightening with a heavenward
trust!
I saw the doubt, the anguish, the dismay,
Melt from my Alvar's glorious mien away;
And peace was there—the calmness of the just!
And, bending down the slumb'rer's brow to kiss,
"Thy rest is won," he said; "sweet sister! praise
for this!"

LXVII.

I started as from sleep;—yes! he had spoken—
A breeze had troubled memory's hidden source!
At once the torpor of my soul was broken—
Thought, feeling, passion, woke in tenfold force.
—There are soft breathings in the southern wind,
That so your ice-chains, O ye streams! unbind,
And free the foaming swiftness of your course!
—I burst from those that held me back, and fell
Even on his neck, and cried—"Friend! brother!
fare thee well!"

LXVIII.

Did *he* not say, "Farewell?"—Alas! no breath
Came to mine ear. Hoarse murmurs from the
throng

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Told that the mysteries in the face of death
Had from their eager sight been veil'd too long.
And we were parted as the surge might part
Those that would die together, true of heart.—
His hour was come—but in mine anguish strong,
Like a fierce swimmer through the midnight sea,
Blindly I rush'd away from that which was to be.

LXIX.

Away—away I rush'd—but swift and high
The arrowy pillars of the firelight grew,
Till the transparent darkness of the sky
Flush'd to a blood-red mantle in their hue;
And, phantom-like, the kindling city seem'd
To spread, float, wave, as on the wind they stream'd,
With their wild splendour chasing me!—I knew
The death-work was begun—I veil'd mine eyes,
Yet stopp'd in spell-bound fear to catch the victims' cries.

LXX.

What heard I then?—a ringing shriek of pain,
Such as for ever haunts the tortured ear?—
I heard a sweet and solemn-breathing strain
Piercing the flames, untremulous and clear!—
The rich, triumphal tones!—I knew them well,
As they came floating with a breezy swell!
Man's voice was there—a clarion voice to cheer
In the mid-battle—ay, to turn the flying—
Woman's—that might have sung of heaven beside the dying!

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LXXI.

It was a fearful, yet a glorious thing,
To hear that hymn of martyrdom, and know
That its glad stream of melody could spring
Up from the unsounded gulfs of human woe!
Alvar! Theresa!—what is deep? what strong?
—God's breath within the soul!—It fill'd that song
From your victorious voices!—but the glow
On the hot air and lurid skies increased—
Faint grew the sounds—more faint—I listen'd—
they had ceased!

LXXII.

And thou indeed had'st perish'd, my soul's friend!
I might form other ties—but thou alone
Could'st with a glance the veil of dimness rend,
By other years o'er boyhood's memory thrown!
Others might aid me onward:—thou and I
Had mingled the fresh thoughts that early die,
Once flowering—never more!—And thou wert gone!
Who could give back my youth, my spirit free,
Or be in aught again what thou hadst been to me?

LXXIII.

And yet I wept thee not, thou true and brave!
I could not weep!—there gather'd round thy name
Too deep a passion!—*thou* denied a grave!
Thou, with the blight flung on thy soldier's fame!
Had I not known thy heart from childhood's time?
Thy heart of hearts?—and could'st thou die for
crime?—

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No! had all earth decreed that death of shame,
I would have set, against all earth's decree,
Th' inalienable trust of my firm soul in thee!

LXXIV.

There are swift hours in life—strong, rushing hours,
That do the work of tempests in their might!
They shake down things that stood as rocks and towers
Unto th' undoubting mind;—they pour in light
Where it but startles—like a burst of day
For which the uprooting of an oak makes way;—
They sweep the colouring mists from off our sight,
They touch with fire thought's graven page, the roll
Stamp'd with past years—and lo! it shrivels as a scroll!

LXXV.

And this was of such hours!—the sudden flow
Of my soul's tide seem'd whelming me; the glare
Of the red flames, yet rocking to and fro,
Scorch'd up my heart with breathless thirst for air,
And solitude, and freedom. It had been
Well with me then, in some vast desert scene,
To pour my voice out, for the winds to bear
On with them, wildly questioning the sky,
Fiercely the untroubled stars, of man's dim destiny.

LXXVI.

I would have call'd, adjuring the dark cloud;
To the most ancient heavens I would have said—
"Speak to me! show me truth!" (8)—through night aloud
I would have cried to him, the newly dead,

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"Come back! and show me truth!" My spirit seem'd
Gasping for some free burst, its darkness teem'd
With such pent storms of thought!—again I fled.
I fled, a refuge from man's face to gain,
Scarce conscious when I paused, entering a lonely fane.

LXXVII.

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast!
Silence was round the sleepers whom its floor
Shut in the grave; a shadow of the past,
A memory of the sainted steps that wore,
Erewhile, its gorgeous pavement, seem'd to brood
Like mist upon the stately solitude;
A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men,
And all was hush'd as night in some deep Alpine glen.

LXXVIII.

More hush'd, far more!—for there the wind sweeps by,
Or the woods tremble to the stream's loud play;
Here a strange echo made my very sigh
Seem for the place too much a sound of day!
Too much my footsteps broke the moonlight, fading,
Yet arch through arch in one soft flow pervading;
And I stood still:—prayer, chant, had died away;
Yet past me floated a funereal breath
Of incense. I stood still—as before God and death.

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LXXIX.

For thick ye girt me round, ye long departed! (9)
Dust—imaged forms—with cross, and shield, and crest;
It seem'd as if your ashes would have started,
Had a wild voice burst forth above your rest!
Yet ne'er, perchance, did worshipper of yore
Bear to your thrilling presence what *I* bore
Of wrath, doubt, anguish, battling in the breast!
I could have pour'd out words, on that pale air,
To make your proud tombs ring—no, no! I could not *there!*

LXXX.

Not 'midst those aisles, through which a thousand years,
Mutely as clouds and reverently, had swept;
Not by those shrines, which yet the trace of tears
And kneeling votaries on their marble kept!
Ye were too mighty in your pomp of gloom
And trophied age, O temple, altar, tomb!
And you, ye dead!—for in that faith ye slept,
Whose weight had grown a mountain's on my heart,
Which could not *there* be loosed. I turn'd me to depart

LXXXI.

I turn'd—what glimmer'd faintly on my sight,
Faintly, yet bright'ning as a wreath of snow
Seen through dissolving haze?—The moon, the night,
Had waned, and dawn pour'd in—grey, shadowy, slow,

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Yet dayspring still!—a solemn hue it caught,
Piercing the storied windows, darkly fraught
With stoles and draperies of imperial glow;
And soft, and sad, that colouring gleam was thrown,
Where, pale, a pictured form above the altar shone.

LXXXII.

Thy form, thou Son of God!—a wrathful deep,
With foam, and cloud, and tempest round Thee spread,
And such a weight of night!—a night, when sleep
From the fierce rocking of the billows fled.
A bark show'd dim beyond Thee, with its mast
Bow'd, and its rent sail shivering to the blast;
But, like a spirit in thy gliding tread,
Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that stormy sea
Through rushing winds, which left a silent path for Thee.

LXXXIII.

So still thy white robes fell!—no breath of air
Within their long and slumb'rous folds had sway.
So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair
From thy clear brow flow'd droopingly away!
Dark were the heavens above thee, Saviour!—dark
The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining bark!
But Thou!—o'er all thine aspect and array
Was pour'd one stream of pale, broad, silvery light—
Thou wert the single star of that all-shrouding night!

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LXXXIV.

Aid for one sinking!—Thy lone brightness gleam'd
On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave,
With its worn, fearful, *human* look that seem'd
To cry, through surge and blast—"I perish—save!"
Not to the winds—not vainly!—Thou wert nigh,
Thy hand was stretch'd to fainting agony,
Even in the portals of th' unquiet grave!
O Thou that art the life! and yet didst bear
Too much of mortal woe to turn from mortal prayer!

LXXXV.

But was it not a thing to rise on death,
With its remember'd light, that face of thine,
Redeemer! dimm'd by this world's misty breath,
Yet mournfully, mysteriously divine?
O! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic eye,
With its dark depths of grief, love, majesty!
And the pale glory of the brow!—a shrine
Where power sat veil'd, yet shedding softly round
What told that *Thou* could'st be but for a time uncrown'd!

LXXXVI.

And, more than all, the Heaven of that sad smile!
The lip of mercy, our immortal trust!
Did not that look, that very look, erewhile
Pour its o'ershadow'd beauty on the dust?
Wert thou not such when earth's dark cloud hung o'er Thee?—
Surely thou wert!—my heart grew hush'd before Thee,

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Sinking, with all its passions, as the gust
Sank at thy voice, along its billowy way—
What had I there to do but kneel, and weep, and pray?

LXXXVII.

Amidst the stillness rose my spirit's cry,
Amidst the dead—"By that full cup of woe,
Press'd from the fruitage of mortality,
Saviour! for Thee—give light! that I may know
If by *thy* will, in thine all-healing name,
Men cast down human hearts to blighting shame,
And early death—and say, if this be so,
Where, then, is mercy? Whither shall we flee,
So unallied to hope, save by our hold on Thee?

LXXXVIII.

"But didst Thou not, the deep sea brightly treading,
Lift from despair that struggler with the wave;
And wert thou not, sad tears, yet awful, shedding,
Beheld a weeper at a mortal's grave?
And is this weight of anguish, which they bind
On life, this searing to the quick of mind,
That but to God its own free path would crave,
This crushing out of hope, and love, and youth,
Thy will, indeed? Give light! that I may know the truth!

LXXXIX.

"For my sick soul is darken'd unto death,
With shadows from the suffering it hath seen;
The strong foundations of mine ancient faith
Sink from beneath me—whereon shall I lean?

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Oh! if from thy pure lips was wrung the sigh
Of the dust's anguish! if like man to die,
And earth round *him* shuts heavily—hath been
Even to *Thee* bitter, aid me!—guide me!—turn
My wild and wandering thoughts back from their starless bourne!"

XC.

And calm'd I rose:—but how the while had risen
Morn's orient sun, dissolving mist and shade!
Could there indeed be wrong, or chain, or prison,
In the bright world such radiance might pervade?
It fill'd the fane, it mantled the pale form
Which rose before me through the pictured storm,
Even the grey tombs it kindled, and array'd
With life!—how hard to see thy race begun,
And think man wakes to grief, wakening to *thee*, O Sun!

XCI.

I sought my home again:—and thou, my child,
There at thy play beneath yon ancient pine,
With eyes, whose lightning laughter (10) hath beguiled
A thousand pangs, thence flashing joy to mine;
Thou in thy mother's arms, a babe, didst meet
My coming with young smiles, which yet, though sweet,
Seem'd on my soul all mournfully to shine,
And ask a happier heritage for thee,
Than but in turn the blight of human hope to see.

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XCII.

Now sport, for thou art free, the bright birds chasing
Whose wings waft star-like gleams from tree to tree;
Or with the fawn, thy swift wood-playmate, racing,
Sport on, my joyous child! for thou art free!
Yes, on that day I took thee to my heart,
And inly vow'd, for thee a better part
To choose; that so thy sunny bursts of glee
Should wake no more dim thoughts of far-seen woe,
But, gladdening fearless eyes, flow on—as now they flow.

XCIII.

Thou hast a rich world round thee:—Mighty shades
Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy head,
With the light melting through their high arcades,
As through a pillar'd cloister's; (11) but the dead
Sleep not beneath; nor doth the sunbeam pass
To marble shrines through rainbow-tinted glass;
Yet thou, by fount and forest-murmur led
To worship, thou art blest!—to thee is shown
Earth in her holy pomp, deck'd for her God alone.

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PART SECOND.

Wie diese treue liebe seele
Von ihrem Glauben Voll,
Der ganz allein
Ihr selig machend ist, sich heilig quäle,
Das sie den liebsten Mann verloren halten soll.
FAUST.

I never shall smile more — but all my days
Walk with still footsteps and with humble eyes,
An everlasting hymn within my soul.
WILSON.

I.

BRING me the sounding of the torrent-water,
With yet a nearer swell—fresh breeze, awake! (12)
And river, dark'ning ne'er with hues of slaughter
Thy wave's pure silvery green,—and shining lake,
Spread far before my cabin, with thy zone
Of ancient woods, ye chainless things and lone!
Send voices through the forest aisles, and make
Glad music round me, that my soul may dare,
Cheer'd by such tones, to look back on a dungeon's air

II.

Oh, Indian hunter of the desert's race!
That with the spear at times, or bended bow,
Dost cross my footsteps in thy fiery chase
Of the swift elk or blue hill's flying roe;
Thou that beside the red night-fire thou heapest,
Beneath the cedars and the star-light sleepest,

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Thou know'st not, wanderer—never may'st thou know!
Of the dark holds wherewith man cumbers earth,
To shut from human eyes the dancing seasons' mirth.

III.

There, fetter'd down from day, to think the while
How bright in heaven the festal sun is glowing,
Making earth's loneliest places, with his smile,
Flush like the rose; and how the streams are flowing
With sudden sparkles through the shadowy grass,
And water-flowers, all trembling as they pass;
And how the rich, dark summer-trees are bowing
With their full foliage;—this to know, and pine
Bound unto midnight's heart, seems a stern lot—'twas mine.

IV.

Wherefore was this?—Because my soul had drawn
Light from the book whose words are graved in light!
There, at its well-head, had I found the dawn,
And day, and noon of freedom:—but too bright
It shines on that which man to man hath given,
And call'd the truth—the very truth, from heaven!
And therefore seeks he, in his brother's sight,
To cast the mote; and therefore strives to bind
With his strong chains to earth, what is not earth's—the mind!

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V.

It is a weary and a bitter task
Back from the lip the burning word to keep,
And to shut out heaven's air with falsehood's mask,
And in the dark urn of the soul to heap
Indignant feelings—making e'en of thought
A buried treasure, which may but be sought
When shadows are abroad—and night—and sleep.
I might not brook it long—and thus was thrown
Into that grave-like cell, to wither there alone.

VI.

And I, a child of danger, whose delights
Were on dark hills and many-sounding seas—
I, that amidst the Cordillera heights
Had given Castilian banners to the breeze,
And the full circle of the rainbow seen
There, on the snows; (13) and in my country been
A mountain wanderer, from the Pyrenees
To the Morena crags—how left I not
Life, or the soul's life, quench'd, on that sepulchral spot?

VII.

Because *Thou* didst not leave me, O my God!
Thou wert with those that bore the truth of old
Into the deserts from the oppressor's rod,
And made the caverns of the rock their fold;
And in the hidden chambers of the dead,
Our guiding lamp with fire immortal fed;

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And met when stars met, by their beams to hold
The free heart's communing with Thee,—and Thou
Wert in the midst, felt, own'd — the Strengthener
then as now!

VIII.

Yet once I sank. Alas! man's wavering mind!
Wherefore and whence the gusts that o'er it blow?
How they bear with them, floating uncombined,
The shadows of the past, that come and go,
As o'er the deep the old long-buried things,
Which a storm's working to the surface brings!
Is the reed shaken,—and must *we* be so,
With every wind?—So, Father! must we be,
Till we can fix undimm'd our steadfast eyes on Thee.

IX.

Once my soul died within me. What had thrown
That sickness o'er it?—Even a passing thought
Of a clear spring, whose side, with flowers o'er-
grown,
Fondly and oft my boyish steps had sought!
Perchance the damp roof's water-drops, that fell
Just then, low tinkling through my vaulted cell,
Intensely heard amidst the stillness, caught
Some tone from memory, of the music, welling
Ever with that fresh rill, from its deep rocky dwelling.

X.

But so my spirit's fever'd longings wrought,
Wakening, it might be, to the faint, sad sound,
That from the darkness of the walls they brought
A loved scene round me, visibly around. (14)

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Yes! kindling, spreading, bright'ning, hue by hue,
Like stars from midnight, through the gloom it grew,
That haunt of youth, hope, manhood!—till the bound
Of my shut cavern seem'd dissolved, and I
Girt by the solemn hills and burning pomp of sky.

XI.

I look'd—and lo! the clear, broad river, flowing
Past the old Moorish ruin on the steep,
The lone tower dark against a heaven all glowing,
Like seas of glass and fire!—I saw the sweep
Of glorious woods far down the mountain side,
And their still shadows in the gleaming tide,
And the red evening on its waves asleep;
And 'midst the scene—oh! more than all—there smiled
My child's fair face, and hers, the mother of my child!

XII.

With their soft eyes of love and gladness raised
Up to the flushing sky, as when we stood
Last by that river, and in silence gazed
On the rich world of sunset:—but a flood
Of sudden tenderness my soul oppress'd,
And I rush'd forward, with a yearning breast,
To clasp—alas!—a vision!—Wave and wood,
And gentle faces, lifted in the light
Of day's last hectic blush, all melted from my sight.

XIII.

Then darkness!—oh! th' unutterable gloom
That seem'd as narrowing round me, making less

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And less my dungeon, when, with all its bloom,
That bright dream vanish'd from my loneliness!
It floated off, the beautiful!—yet left
Such deep thirst in my soul, that thus bereft,
I lay down, sick with passion's vain excess,
And pray'd to die.—How oft would sorrow weep
Her weariness to death, if he might come like sleep!

XIV.

But I was roused—and how?—It is no tale
Even midst *thy* shades, thou wilderness, to tell!
I would not have my boy's young cheek made pale,
Nor haunt his sunny rest with what befell
In that drear prison-house. His eye must grow
More dark with thought, more earnest his fair brow,
More high his heart in youthful strength must swell;
So shall it fitly burn when all is told:—
Let childhood's radiant mist the free child yet enfold.

XV.

It is enough that through such heavy hours,
As wring us by our fellowship of clay,
I lived, and undegraded. We have powers
To snatch th' oppressor's bitter joy away!
Shall the wild Indian, for his savage fame,
Laugh and expire, and shall not Truth's high name
Bear up her martyrs with all-conquering sway?
It is enough that torture may be vain—
I had seen Alvar die—the strife was won from Pain.

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XVI.

And faint not, heart of man! though years wane slow!
There have been those that from the deepest caves,
And cells of night, and fastnesses below
The stormy dashing of the ocean-waves,
Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nursed
A quenchless hope, and watch'd their time, and burst
On the bright day, like wakeners from the graves!
I was of such at last!—unchain'd I trode
This green earth, taking back my freedom from my God!

XVII.

That was an hour to send its fadeless trace
Down life's far-sweeping tide!—A dim, wild night,
Like sorrow, hung upon the soft moon's face,
Yet how my heart leap'd in her blessed light!
The shepherd's light—the sailor's on the sea—
The hunter's homeward from the mountains free,
Where its lone smile makes tremulously bright
The thousand streams!—I could but gaze through tears—
Oh! what a sight is heaven, thus first beheld for years!

XVIII.

The rolling clouds!—they have the whole blue space
Above to sail in—all the dome of sky!
My soul shot with them in their breezy race
O'er star and gloom!—but I had yet to fly,

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As flies the hunted wolf. A secret spot
And strange, I knew—the sunbeam knew it not;—
Wildest of all the savage glens that lie
In far sierras, hiding their deep springs,
And traversed but by storms, or sounding eagles' wings.

XIX.

Ay, and I met the storm there!—I had gain'd
The covert's heart with swift and stealthy tread:
A moan went past me, and the dark trees rain'd
Their autumn foliage rustling on my head;
A moan—a hollow gust—and there I stood
Girt with majestic night, and ancient wood,
And foaming water.—Thither might have fled
The mountain Christian with his faith of yore,
When Afric's tambour shook the ringing western shore!

XX.

But through the black ravine the storm came swelling,
—Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou blast!
In thy lone course the kingly cedars felling,
Like plumes upon the path of battle cast!—
A rent oak thunder'd down beside my cave,
Booming it rush'd, as booms a deep sea-wave;
A falcon soar'd; a startled wild-deer pass'd;
A far-off bell toll'd faintly through the roar:—
How my glad spirit swept forth with the winds once more!

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XXI.

And with the arrowy lightnings!—for they flash'd,
Smiting the branches in their fitful play,
And brightly shivering where the torrents dash'd
Up, even to crag and eagle's nest, their spray!
And there to stand amidst the pealing strife,
The strong pines groaning with tempestuous life,
And all the mountain-voices on their way,—
Was it not joy?—'twas joy in rushing might,
After those years that wove but one long dead of night!

XXII.

There came a softer hour, a lovelier moon,
And lit me to my home of youth again,
Through the dim chestnut shade, where oft at noon,
By the fount's flashing burst, my head had lain
In gentle sleep: but now I pass'd as one
That may not pause where wood-streams whispering run,
Or light sprays tremble to a bird's wild strain,
Because th' avenger's voice is in the wind,
The foe's quick, rustling step close on the leaves behind.

XXIII.

My home of youth!—oh! if indeed to part
With the soul's loved ones be a mournful thing,
When we go forth in buoyancy of heart,
And bearing all the glories of our spring
For life to breathe on,—is it less to meet,
When these are faded?—who shall call it sweet?

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—Even though love's mingling tears may haply bring
Balm as they fall, too well their heavy showers
Teach us how much is lost of all that once was ours!

XXIV.

Not by the sunshine, with its golden glow,
Nor the green earth, nor yet the laughing sky,
Nor the fair flower scents, (15) as they come and go
In the soft air, like music wandering by;
—Oh! not by these, th' unfailing, are we taught
How time and sorrow on our frames have wrought;
But by the sadden'd eye, the darken'd brow
Of kindred aspect, and the long dim gaze,
Which tells us *we* are changed—how changed from other days!

XXV.

Before my father—in my place of birth,
I stood an alien. On the very floor
Which oft had trembled to my boyish mirth,
The love that rear'd me, knew my face no more!
There hung the antique armour, helm and crest,
Whose every stain woke childhood in my breast;
There droop'd the banner, with the marks it bore
Of Paynim spears; and I, the worn in frame
And heart, what there was I?—another and the same!

XXVI.

Then bounded in a boy, with clear, dark eye—
How should *he* know his father?—when we parted,

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From the soft cloud which mantles infancy,
His soul, just wakening into wonder, darted
Its first looks round. Him follow'd one, the bride
Of my young days, the wife how loved and tried!
Her glance met mine — I could not speak — she started
With a bewilder'd gaze; until there came
Tears to my burning eyes, and from my lips her name.

XXVII.

She knew me then! — I murmur'd "*Leonor!*"
And her heart answer'd! — oh! the voice is known
First from all else, and swiftest to restore
Love's buried images, with one low tone
That strikes like lightning, when the cheek is faded,
And the brow heavily with thought o'ershaded,
And all the brightness from the aspect gone!
— Upon my breast she sunk, when doubt was fled,
Weeping as those may weep, that meet in woe and dread.

XXVIII.

For there we might not rest. Alas! to leave
Those native towers, and know that they must fall
By slow decay, and none remain to grieve
When the weeds cluster'd on the lonely wall!
We were the last — my boy and I — the last
Of a long line which brightly thence had pass'd!
My father bless'd me as I left his hall —
With his deep tones and sweet, though full of years,
He bless'd me there, and bathed my child's young head with tears.

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XXIX.

I had brought sorrow on his grey hairs down,
And cast the darkness of my branded name
(For so *he* deem'd it) on the clear renown,
My own ancestral heritage of fame.
And yet he bless'd me!—Father! if the dust
Lie on those lips benign, my spirit's trust
Is to behold thee yet, where grief and shame
Dim the bright day no more; and thou wilt know
That not through guilt thy son thus bow'd thine age with woe!

XXX.

And thou, my Leonor! that unrepining,
If sad in soul, didst quit all else for me,
When stars—the stars that earliest rise—are shining,
How their soft glance unseals each thought of thee!
For on our flight they smiled; their dewy rays,
Through the last olives, lit thy tearful gaze
Back to the home we never more might see;
So pass'd we on, like earth's first exiles, turning
Fond looks where hung the sword above their Eden burning.

XXXI.

It was a woe to say, "Farewell, my Spain!
The sunny and the vintage land, farewell!"
—I could have died upon the battle-plain
For thee, my country! but I might not dwell
In thy sweet vales, at peace.—The voice of song
Breathes, with the myrtle scent, thy hills along;

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The citron's glow is caught from shade and dell;
But what are these?—upon thy flowery sod
I might not kneel, and pour my free thoughts out to God!

XXXII.

O'er the blue deep I fled, the chainless deep!—
Strange heart of man! that e'en 'midst woe swells high,
When through the foam he sees his proud bark sweep
Flinging out joyous gleams to wave and sky!
Yes! it swells high, whate'er he leaves behind,
His spirit rises with the rising wind;
For, wedded to the far futurity,
On, on, it bears him ever, and the main
Seems rushing, like his hope, some happier shore to gain.

XXXIII.

Not thus is woman. Closely *her* still heart
Doth twine itself with even each lifeless thing,
Which, long remember'd, seem'd to bear its part
In her calm joys. For ever would she cling,
A brooding dove, to that sole spot of earth
Where she hath loved, and given her children birth,
And heard their first sweet voices. There may Spring
Array no path, renew no flower, no leaf,
But hath its breath of home, its claim to farewell grief.

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XXXIV.

I look'd on Leonor,—and if there seem'd
A cloud of more than pensiveness to rise
In the faint smiles that o'er her features gleam'd,
And the soft darkness of her serious eyes,
Misty with tender gloom, I call'd it nought
But the fond exile's pang, a lingering thought
Of her own vale, with all its melodies
And living light of streams. Her soul would rest
Beneath your shades, I said, bowers of the gorgeous west!

XXXV.

Oh! could we live in visions! could we hold
Delusion faster, longer, to our breast,
When it shuts from us, with its mantle's fold,
That which we see not, and are therefore blest!
But they, our loved and loving—they to whom
We have spread out our souls in joy and gloom,
Their looks and accents, unto ours address'd,
Have been a language of familiar tone
Too long to breathe, at last, dark sayings and unknown.

XXXVI.

I told my heart, 'twas but the exile's woe
Which press'd on that sweet bosom;—I deceived
My heart but half:—a whisper, faint and low,
Haunting it ever, and at times believed,
Spoke of some deeper cause. How oft we seem
Like those that dream, and *know* the while they dream,

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'Midst the soft falls of airy voices grieved,
And troubled, while bright phantoms round them play,
By a dim sense that all will float and fade away!

XXXVII.

Yet, as if chasing joy, I woo'd the breeze
To speed me onward with the wings of morn.
—Oh! far amidst the solitary seas,
Which were not made for man, what man hath borne,
Answering their moan with his!—what *thou* didst bear,
My lost and loveliest! while that secret care
Grew terror, and thy gentle spirit, worn
By its dull brooding weight, gave way at last,
Beholding me as one from hope for ever cast!

XXXVIII.

For unto thee, as through all change, reveal'd
Mine inward being lay. In other eyes
I had to bow me yet, and make a shield,
To fence my burning bosom, of disguise;
By the still hope sustain'd, erelong to win
Some sanctuary, whose green retreats within,
My thoughts unfetter'd to their source might rise,
Like songs and scents of morn.—But thou didst look
Through all my soul, and thine even unto fainting shook.

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XXXIX.

Fallen, fallen, I seem'd—yet, oh! not less beloved,
Though from thy love was pluck'd the early pride,
And harshly, by a gloomy faith reproved,
And sear'd with shame!—though each young flower had died,
There was the root,—strong, living, not the less
That all it yielded now was bitterness;
Yet still such love as quits not misery's side,
Nor drops from guilt its ivy-like embrace,
Nor turns away from death's its pale heroic face.

XL.

Yes! thou hadst follow'd me through fear and flight!
Thou would'st have follow'd had my pathway led
Even to the scaffold; had the flashing light
Of the raised axe made strong men shrink with dread,
Thou, 'midst the hush of thousands, would'st have been
With thy clasp'd hands beside me kneeling seen,
And meekly bowing to the shame thy head—
The shame!—oh! making beautiful to view
The might of human love—fair thing! so bravely true!

XLI.

There was thine agony—to love so well
Where fear made love life's chastener.—Heretofore
Whate'er of earth's disquiet round thee fell,
Thy soul, o'erpassing its dim bounds, could soar

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Away to sunshine, and thy clear eye speak
Most of the skies when grief most touch'd thy cheek.
Now, that far brightness faded, never more
Could'st thou lift heavenwards for its hope thy heart,
Since at heaven's gate it seem'd that thou and I
must part.

XLII.

Alas! and life hath moments when a glance—
(If thought to sudden watchfulness be stirr'd)—
A flush — a fading of the cheek, perchance—
A word — less, less — the *cadence* of a word,
Lets in our gaze the mind's dim veil beneath,
Thence to bring haply konwledge fraught with
death!
—Even thus, what never from thy lip was heard
Broke on my soul.—I knew that in thy sight
I stood—howe'er beloved—a recreant from the light!

XLIII.

Thy sad, sweet hymn, at eve, the seas along,—
Oh! the deep soul it breathed!—the love, the woe,
The fervour, pour'd in that full gush of song,
As it went floating through the fiery glow
Of the rich sunset!—bringing thoughts of Spain,
With all her vesper-voices, o'er the main,
Which seem'd responsive in its murmuring flow.
—"*Ave sanctissima!*"—how oft that lay
Hath melted from my heart the martyr-strength
away!

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Ave, sanctissima!
'Tis nightfall on the sea;
Ora pro nobis!
Our souls rise to thee!

Watch us, while shadows lie
O'er the dim waters spread;
Hear the heart's lonely sigh—
Thine too hath bled!

Thou that hast look'd on death,
Aid us when death is near!
Whisper of heaven to faith;
Sweet Mother, hear!

Ora pro nobis!
The wave must rock our sleep,
Ora, Mater, ora!
Thou star of the deep!

XLIV.

"*Ora pro nobis, Mater!*"—What a spell
Was in those notes, with day's last glory dying
On the flush'd waters—seem'd they not to swell
From the far dust, wherein my sires were lying
With crucifix and sword?—Oh! yet how clear
Comes their reproachful sweetness to mine ear!
"*Ora*"—with all the purple waves replying,
All my youth's visions rising in the strain—
And I had thought it much to bear the rack and chain!

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XLV.

Torture! the sorrow of affection's eye,
Fixing its meekness on the spirit's core,
Deeper, and teaching more of agony,
May pierce than many swords!—and this I bore
With a mute pang. Since I had vainly striven
From its free springs to pour the truth of Heaven
Into thy trembling soul, my Leonor!
Silence rose up where hearts no hope could share:—
Alas! for those that love, and may not blend in prayer!

XLVI.

We could not pray together 'midst the deep,
Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us lay,
Through days of splendour, nights too bright for sleep,
Soft, solemn, holy!—We were on our way
Unto the mighty Cordillera-land,
With men whom tales of that world's golden strand
Had lured to leave their vines.—Oh! who shall say
What thoughts rose in us, when the tropic sky
Touch'd all its molten seas with sunset's alchemy!

XLVII.

Thoughts no more mingled!—Then came night—th' intense
Dark blue—the burning stars!—I saw *thee* shine
Once more, in thy serene magnificence,
O Southern Cross! (16) as when thy radiant sign

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First drew my gaze of youth.—No, not as then;
I had been stricken by the darts of men
Since those fresh days; and now thy light divine
Look'd on mine anguish, while within me strove
The still small voice against the might of suffering love.

XLVIII.

But thou, the clear, the glorious! thou wert pouring
Brilliance and joy upon the crystal wave,
While she, that met thy ray with eyes adoring,
Stood in the lengthening shadow of the grave!
Alas! I watch'd her dark religious glance,
As it still sought thee through the heaven's expanse,
Bright Cross! and knew not that I watch'd what gave
But passing lustre—shrouded soon to be—
A soft light found no more—no more on earth or sea!

XLIX.

I knew not all—yet something of unrest
Sat on my heart. Wake, ocean-wind! I said;
Waft us to land, in leafy freshness drest,
Where, through rich clouds of foliage o'er her head,
Sweet day may steal, and rills unseen go by,
Like singing voices, and the green earth lie
Starry with flowers, beneath her graceful tread!
—But the calm bound us 'midst the glassy main;
Ne'er was her step to bend earth's living flowers again.

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L.

Yes! as if Heaven upon the waves were sleeping,
Vexing my soul with quiet, there they lay,
All moveless, through their blue transparence keeping
The shadows of our sails, from day to day;
While she—oh! strongest is the strong heart's woe—
And yet I live! I feel the sunshine's glow—
And I am he that look'd, and saw decay
Steal o'er the fair of earth, th' adored too much!—
It is a fearful thing to love what death may touch.

LI.

A fearful thing that love and death may dwell
In the same world!—She faded on—and I,
Blind to the last, there needed death to tell
My trusting soul that she *could* fade to die!
Yet, ere she parted, I had mark'd a change,
But it breathed hope—'twas beautiful, though strange:
Something of gladness in the melody
Of her low voice, and in her words a flight
Of airy thought—alas! too perilously bright!

LII.

And a clear sparkle in her glance, yet wild,
And quick, and eager, like the flashing gaze
Of some all-wondering and awakening child,
That first the glories of the earth surveys.
How could it thus deceive me?—she had worn
Around her, like the dewy mists of morn,

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A pensive tenderness through happiest days;
And a soft world of dreams had seem'd to lie
Still in her dark, and deep, and spiritual eye.

LIII.

And I could hope in that strange fire!—she died,
She died, with all its lustre on her mien!—
The day was melting from the waters wide,
And through its long bright hours her thoughts had been,
It seem'd, with restless and unwonted yearning,
To Spain's blue skies and dark sierras turning;
For her fond words were all of vintage-scene,
And flowering myrtle, and sweet citron's breath:
Oh! with what vivid hues life comes back oft on death!

LIV.

And from her lips the mountain-songs of old,
In wild, faint snatches, fitfully had sprung;
Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish hold,
The "*Rio verde,*" (17) on her soul that hung,
And thence flow'd forth.—But now the sun was low;
And watching by my side its last red glow,
That ever stills the heart, once more she sung
Her own soft "*Ora, Mater!*"—and the sound
Was even like love's farewell—so mournfully profound.

LV.

The boy had dropp'd to slumber at our feet;
"And I have lull'd him to his smiling rest

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Once more!" she said:—I raised him—it was
sweet,
Yet sad, to see the perfect calm which bless'd
His look that hour:—for now her voice grew weak;
And on the flowery crimson of his cheek,
With her white lips, a long, long kiss she press'd,
Yet light, to wake him not.—Then sank her head
Against my bursting heart:—What did I clasp?—
the dead!

LVI.

I call'd—to call what answers not our cries,
By what we loved to stand unseen, unheard,
With the loud passion of our tears and sighs,
To see but some cold glittering ringlet stirr'd
And in the quench'd eye's fixedness to gaze,
All vainly searching for the parted rays;
This is what waits us!—Dead!—with that chill
word
To link our bosom-names!—For this we pour
Our souls upon the dust—nor tremble to adore!

LVII.

But the true parting came!—I look'd my last
On the sad beauty of that slumbering face;
How could I think the lovely spirit pass'd,
Which there had left so tenderly its trace?
Yet a dim awfulness was on the brow—
No! not like sleep to look upon art Thou,
Death, Death!—She lay, a thing for earth's em-
brace,

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To cover with spring-wreaths. For earth's?—
the wave
That gives the bier no flowers—makes moan above
her grave!

LVIII.

On the mid-seas a knell!—for man was there,
Anguish and love—the mourner with his dead!
A long, low-rolling knell—a voice of prayer—
Dark glassy waters, like a desert spread,—
And the pale-shining Southern Cross on high,
Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,
Where mighty clouds before the dawn grew red:—
Were these things round me? Such o'er memory
sweep
Wildly, when aught brings back that burial of the
deep.

LIX.

Then the broad, lonely sunrise!—and the plash
Into the sounding waves! (18)—around her head
They parted, with a glancing moment's flash,
Then shut—and all was still. And now thy bed
Is of their secrets, gentlest Leonor!
Once fairest of young brides!—and never more,
Loved as thou wert, may human tear be shed
Above thy rest!—No mark the proud seas keep,
To show where he that wept may pause again to
weep!

LX.

So the depths took thee!—Oh! the sullen sense
Of desolation in that hour compress'd!

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Dust going down, a speck, amidst th' immense
And gloomy waters, leaving on their breast
The trace a weed might leave there!—Dust!—
the thing
Which to the heart was as a living spring
Of joy, with fearfulness of love possess'd,
Thus sinking!—Love, joy, fear, all crush'd to this—
And the wide heaven so far—so fathomless th' abyss!

LXI.

Where the line sounds not, where the wrecks lie
low,
What shall wake thence the dead?—Blest, blest
are they
That earth to earth intrust; for they may know
And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's clay
Shall rise at last; and bid the young flowers bloom,
That waft a breath of hope around the tomb;
And kneel upon the dewy turf to pray!
But thou, what cave hath dimly chamber'd *thee?*
Vain dreams!—oh! art thou not where there is no
more sea? (19)

LXII.

The wind rose free and singing:—when for ever,
O'er that sole spot of all the watery plain,
I could have bent my sight with fond endeavour
Down, where its treasure was, its glance to strain;
Then rose the reckless wind! Before our prow
The white foam flash'd—ay, joyously, and thou

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Wert left with all the solitary main
Around thee—and thy beauty in my heart,
And thy meek, sorrowing love—oh! where could *that* depart?

LXIII.

I will not speak of woe; I may not tell—
Friend tells not such to friends—the thoughts which rent
My fainting spirit, when its wild farewell
Across the billows to thy grave was sent,
Thou, there most lonely!—He that sits above,
In his calm glory, will forgive the love
His creatures bear each other, even if blent
With a vain worship; for its close is dim
Ever with grief which leads the wrung soul back to Him!

LXIV.

And with a milder pang if now I bear
To think of thee in thy forsaken rest,
If from my heart be lifted the despair,
The sharp remorse with healing influence press'd,
If the soft eyes that visit me in sleep
Look not reproach, though still they seem to weep;
It is that He my sacrifice hath bless'd,
And fill'd my bosom, through its inmost cell,
With a deep chastening sense that all at last is well.

LXV.

Yes! thou art now—Oh! wherefore doth the thought
Of the wave dashing o'er thy long bright hair,

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The sea-weed into its dark tresses wrought,
The sand thy pillow—thou that wert so fair!
Come o'er me still!—Earth, earth!—it is the hold
Earth ever keeps on that of earthly mould!
But *thou* art breathing now in purer air,
I well believe, and freed from all of error,
Which blighted here the root of thy sweet life with terror.

LXVI.

And if the love, which here was passing light,
Went with what died not—Oh! that *this* we knew,
But this!—that through the silence of the night,
Some voice, of all the lost ones and the true,
Would speak, and say, if in their far repose,
We are yet aught of what we were to those
We call the dead!—their passionate adieu,
Was it but breath, to perish?—Holier trust
Be mine!—thy love *is* there, but purified from dust!

LXVII.

A thing all heavenly;—clear'd from that which hung
As a dim cloud between us, heart and mind!
Loosed from the fear, the grief, whose tendrils flung
A chain, so darkly with its growth entwined.
This is my hope!—though when the sunset fades,
When forests rock the midnight on their shades,
When tones of wail are in the rising wind,
Across my spirit some faint doubt may sigh;
For the strong hours *will* sway this frail mortality!

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LXVIII.

We have been wand'rers since those days of woe,
Thy boy and I!—As wild birds tend their young,
So have I tended him—my bounding roe!
The high Peruvian solitudes among;
And o'er the Andes' torrents borne his form,
Where our frail bridge hath quiver'd 'midst the storm. (20)
But there the war-notes of my country rung,
And, smitten deep of Heaven and man, I fled
To hide in shades unpierced a mark'd and weary head.

LXIX.

But he went on in gladness—that fair child!
Save when at times his bright eye seem'd to dream,
And his young lips, which then no longer smiled,
Ask'd of his mother!—That was but a gleam
Of memory, fleeting fast; (21) and then his play
Through the wild Llanos cheer'd again our way,
And by the mighty Orinoco stream, (22)
On whose lone margin we have heard at morn,
From the mysterious rocks, the sunrise-music borne.

LXX.

So like a spirit's voice! a harping tone,
Lovely, yet ominous to mortal ear,
Such as might reach us from a world unknown,
Troubling man's heart with thrills of joy and fear!
'T was sweet!—(23) yet those deep southern shades oppress'd
My soul with stillness, like the calms that rest

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On melancholy waves: I sigh'd to hear
Once more earth's breezy sounds, her foliage fann'd,
And turn'd to seek the wilds of the red hunter's land.

LXXI.

And we have won a bower of refuge now,
In this fresh waste, the breath of whose repose
Hath cool'd, like dew, the fever of my brow,
And whose green oaks and cedars round me close
As temple walls and pillars, that exclude
Earth's haunted dreams from their free solitude;
All, save the image and the thought of those
Before us gone; our loved of early years,
Gone where affection's cup hath lost the taste of tears.

LXXII.

I see a star—eve's first-born!—in whose train
Past scenes, words, looks, come back. The arrowy spire
Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt fane,
Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of fire;
The pine gives forth its odours, and the lake
Gleams like one ruby, and the soft winds wake,
Till every string of nature's solemn lyre
Is touch'd to answer; its most secret tone
Drawn from each tree, for each hath whispers all its own.

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LXXIII.

And hark! another murmur on the air,
Not of the hidden rills, or quivering shades!—
That is the cataract's, which the breezes bear,
Filling the leafy twilight of the glades
With hollow surge-like sounds, as from the bed
Of the blue, mournful seas, that keep the dead:
But *they* are far!—the low sun here pervades
Dim forest-arches, bathing with red gold
Their stems, till each is made a marvel to behold,—

LXXIV.

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom!—In such an hour,
The vesper-melody of dying bells
Wanders through Spain, from each grey convent's tower
O'er shining rivers pour'd, and olive-dells,
By every peasant heard, and muleteer,
And hamlet, round my home:—and I am here,
Living again through all my life's farewells,
In these vast woods, where farewell ne'er was spoken,
And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart—yet unbroken!

LXXV.

In such an hour are told the hermit's beads;
With the white sail the seaman's hymn floats by:
Peace be with all! whate'er their varying creeds,
With all that send up holy thoughts on high!
Come to me, boy!—by Guadalquivir's vines,
By every stream of Spain, as day declines,

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Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy sky.
—We, too, will pray; nor yet unheard, my child!
Of Him whose voice *we* hear at eve amidst the wild.

LXXVI.

At eve?—O through all hours!—From dark dreams oft
Awakening, I look forth, and learn the might
Of solitude, while thou art breathing soft,
And low, my loved one! on the breast of night:
I look forth on the stars—the shadowy sleep
Of forests—and the lake whose gloomy deep
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies' light.
A lonely world!—even fearful to man's thought
But for His presence felt, whom here my soul hath sought.

NOTES.

Note 1.

And sighing through the feathery canes, &c.

The canes, in some parts of the American forests, form a thick undergrowth for many hundred miles. —— *See* Hodgson's *Letters from North America*, vol. i. p. 242.

Note 2.

And for their birthplace moan, as moans the ocean-shell.

Such a shell as Wordsworth has beautifully described:—

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"I have seen
A curious child who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell;
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listen'd intently, and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard — sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith."
The Excursion.

NOTE 3.

I see an oak before me: &c.

"I recollect hearing a traveller, of poetical temperament, expressing the kind of horror which he felt on beholding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious size, which had been in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild-grape vine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laocoon struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster Python." —— *Bracebridge Hall.* Chapter on Forest-Trees.

NOTE 4.

The might of truth.

For a most interesting account of the Spanish Protestants, and the heroic devotion with which they met the spirit of persecution in the sixteenth century, see the *Quarterly Review*, No. 57, Art. 'Quin's Visit to Spain.'

NOTE 5.

For the same guilt — his sisters!

"A priest, named Gonzalez, had, among other proselytes, gained over two young females, his sisters, to the Protestant faith. All three were confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

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The torture, repeatedly applied, could not draw from them the least evidence against their religious associates. Every artifice was employed to obtain a recantation from the two sisters, since the constancy and learning of Gonzalez precluded all hopes of a theological victory. Their answer, if not exactly logical, is wonderfully simple and affecting. 'We will die in the faith of our brother; he is too wise to be wrong, and too good to deceive us.' —The three stakes on which they died were near each other. The priest had been gagged till the moment of lighting up the wood. The few minutes that he was allowed to speak he employed in comforting his sisters, with whom he sung the 109th Psalm, till the flames smothered their voices." —— *Ibid.*

Note 6.

A hundred chiefs had borne, cast down by you to shame.

The names, not only of the immediate victims of the Inquisition were devoted to infamy, but those of all their relations were branded with the same indelible stain, which was likewise to descend as an inheritance to their latest posterity.

Note 7.

'Twas not within the city—but in sight
Of the snow-crown'd sierras.

The piles erected for these executions were without the towns, and the final scene of an Auto da Fe was sometimes, from the length of the preceding ceremonies, delayed till midnight.

Note 8.

"Speak to me! show me truth!"

For one of the most powerful and impressive pictures perhaps ever drawn, of a young mind struggling against habit and superstition in its first aspirations after truth, see the admirable *Letters from Spain* by Don Leucadio Doblado.

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Note 9.

For thick ye girt me round, ye long departed!
Dust—imaged forms—with cross, and shield, and crest.

"You walk from end to end over a floor of tombstones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed, mitres, and crosiers, and spears, and shields, and helmets, all mingled together—all worn into glass-like smoothness by the feet and the knees of long-departed worshippers. Around, on every side, each in their separate chapel, sleep undisturbed from age to age the venerable ashes of the holiest or the loftiest that of old came thither to worship—their images and their dying prayers sculptured among the resting-places of their remains." —— From a beautiful description of ancient Spanish Cathedrals, in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.*

Note 10.

With eyes, whose lightning laughter hath beguiled
A thousand pangs.

"El' *lampeggiar* de l' angelico riso." —— Petrarch.

Note 11.

As through a pillar'd cloister's.

"Sometimes their discourse was held in the deep shades of moss-grown forests, whose gloom and interlaced boughs first suggested that Gothic architecture beneath whose pointed arches, where they had studied and prayed, the parti-coloured windows shed a tinged light; scenes which the gleams of sunshine, penetrating the deep foliage, and flickering on the variegated turf below, might have recalled to their memory."—Webster's Oration on the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England. —— See Hodgson's *Letters from North America*, vol. ii. p. 305.

Note 12.

With yet a nearer swell—fresh breeze, awake!

The varying sounds of waterfalls are thus alluded to in an interesting work of Mrs. Grant's. "On the opposite side the

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view was bounded by steep hills, covered with lofty pines, from which a waterfall descended, which not only gave animation to the sylvan scene, but was the best barometer imaginable; foretelling by its varied and intelligible sounds every approaching change, not only of the weather but of the wind." —— *Memoirs of an American Lady*, vol. i. p. 143.

Note 13.

There, on the snows.

The circular rainbows, occasionally seen amongst the Andes, are described by Ulloa.

Note 14.

A loved scene round me, visibly around.

Many striking instances of the vividness with which the mind, when strongly excited, has been known to renovate past impressions, and embody them into visible imagery, are noticed and accounted for in Dr. Hibbert's *Philosophy of Apparitions*. The following illustrative passage is quoted in the same work, from the writings of the late Dr. Ferriar:—"I remember that, about the age of fourteen, it was a source of great amusement to myself, if I had been viewing any interesting object in the course of the day, such as a romantic ruin, a fine seat, or a review of a body of troops, as soon as evening came on, if I had occasion to go into a dark room, the whole scene was brought before my eyes with a brilliancy equal to what it had possessed in daylight, and remained visible for several minutes. I have no doubt that dismal and frightful images have been thus presented to young persons after scenes of domestic affliction or public horror."

The following passage from the *Alcazar of Seville*, a tale or historical sketch, by the author of Doblado's *Letters*, affords a further illustration of this subject. "When, descending fast into the vale of years, I strongly fix my mind's eye on those narrow, shady, silent streets, where I breathed the scented air which came rustling through the surrounding groves; where the footsteps re-echoed from the clean watered porches of the houses,

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and where every object spoke of quiet and contentment; . . . . . the objects around me begin to fade into a mere delusion, and not only the thoughts, but the external sensations, which I then experienced, revive with a reality that almost makes me shudder—it has so much the character of a trance or vision."

Note 15.

Nor the faint flower-scents as they come
In the soft air, like music wandering by.

"For because the breath of flowers is farre sweeter in the aire (where it comes and goes like the warbling of musick) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants which doe best perfume the aire." —— Lord Bacon's *Essay on Gardens.*

Note 16.

O Southern Cross!

"The pleasure we felt on discovering the Southern Cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star as a friend from whom we have long been separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World. . . . . It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Cross of the South is erect or inclined. It is a time-piece that advances very regularly near four minutes a-day, and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim, in the savannahs of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past, the Cross begins to bend!' How often these words reminded us of that affecting scene where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river of Lataniers, conversed together for the last time; and where the old man, at the sight of the Southern Cross, warns them that it is time to separate!" —— De Humboldt's *Travels.*

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Note 17.

The "Rio verde."

"Rio verde, rio verde," the popular Spanish romance, known to the English reader in Percy's translation.

"Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore!
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore," &c. &c.

Note 18.

Into the sounding waves!

De Humboldt, in describing the burial of a young Asturian at sea, mentions the entreaty of the officiating priest, that the body, which had been brought upon deck during the night, might not be committed to the waves until after sunrise, in order to pay it the last rites according to the usage of the Romish Church.

Note 19.

Oh! art thou not where there is no more sea?

And there was no more sea. —— *Rev.* chap. xxi. v. 1.

Note 20.

Where our frail bridge hath quiver'd 'midst the storm.

The bridges over many deep chasms amongst the Andes are pendulous, and formed only of the fibres of equinoctial plants. Their tremulous motion has afforded a striking image to one of the stanzas in *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

"Anon some wilder portraiture he draws,
Of nature's savage glories he would speak;
The loneliness of earth, that overawes,
Where, resting by the tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver, on Peruvia's peak,
Nor voice nor living motion marks around,
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch, high flung o'er gulf profound,
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound."

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Note 21.

And then his play
Through the wide Llanos cheer'd again our way.

Llanos, or savannahs, the great plains in South America.

Note 22.

And by the mighty Orinoco stream,
On whose lone margin we have heard at morn,
From the mysterious rocks the sunrise-music borne.

De Humboldt speaks of these rocks on the shores of the Orinoco. Travellers have heard from time to time subterraneous sounds proceed from them at sunrise, resembling those of an organ. He believes in the existence of this mysterious music, although not fortunate enough to have heard it himself; and thinks that it may be produced by currents of air issuing through the crevices.

Note 23.

Yet those deep southern shades oppress'd
My soul with stillness, like the calms that rest
On melancholy waves.

The same distinguished traveller frequently alludes to the extreme stillness of the air in the equatorial regions of the new continent, and particularly on the thickly-wooded shores of the Orinoco. "In this neighbourhood," he says, "no breath of wind ever agitates the foliage."

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LAYS OF MANY LANDS.

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The following pieces may so far be considered a series, as each is intended to be commemorative of some national recollection, popular custom, or tradition. The idea was suggested by Herder's "*Stimmen der Völker in Liedern;*" the execution is, however, different, as the poems in his collection are chiefly translations.

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LAYS OF MANY LANDS.

MOORISH BRIDAL SONG.

"It is a custom among the Moors, that a female who dies unmarried is clothed for interment in wedding apparel, and the bridal-song is sung over her remains before they are borne from her home." —— See *the Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence in Tripoli, by the Sister-in-law of Mr. Tully.*

The citron-groves their fruit and flowers were strewing
Around a Moorish palace, while the sigh
Of low sweet summer-winds, the branches wooing,
With music through their shadowy bowers went by;
Music and voices, from the marble halls,
Through the leaves gleaming, and the fountain-falls.

A song of joy, a bridal-song came swelling,
To blend with fragrance in those southern shades,
And told of feasts within the stately dwelling,
Bright lamps, and dancing steps, and gem-crown'd maids:
And thus it flow'd;—yet something in the lay
Belong'd to sadness, as it died away.

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"The bride comes forth! her tears no more are falling
To leave the chamber of her infant years;
Kind voices from a distant home are calling;
She comes like day-spring—she hath done with tears;
Now must her dark eye shine on other flowers,
Her soft smile gladden other hearts than ours!—
Pour the rich odours round!

"We haste! the chosen and the lovely bringing;
Love still goes with her from her place of birth;
Deep, silent joy within her soul is springing,
Though in her glance the light no more is mirth!
Her beauty leaves us in its rosy years;
Her sisters weep—but she hath done with tears!—
Now may the timbrel sound!"

Know'st thou for *whom* they sang the bridal numbers?—
One, whose rich tresses were to wave no more!
One, whose pale cheek soft winds, nor gentle slumbers,
Nor Love's own sigh, to rose-tints might restore!
Her graceful ringlets o'er a bier were spread.—
Weep for the young, the beautiful,—the dead!

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THE BIRD'S RELEASE.

The Indians of Bengal and of the coast of Malabar bring cages filled with birds to the graves of their friends, over which they set the birds at liberty. This custom is alluded to in the description of Virginia's funeral. —— See *Paul and Virginia.*

Go forth, for she is gone!
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air;
She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath pass'd away!
It hath pass'd away like a summer breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free!
With thy radiant wing, and thy glancing eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught even to her we mourn?
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
Or float, on the light wind borne?

We know not—but she is gone!
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng;—
She hath left her dwelling lone!

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When the waves at sunset shine,
We may hear thy voice amidst thousands more,
In the scented woods of our glowing shore;
But we shall not know 'tis thine!

Even so with the loved one flown!
Her smile in the starlight may wander by,
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
Around us—but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy chain!
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers
Which the bright day rears in our eastern bowers;
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Even thus may the summer pour
All fragrant things on the land's green breast,
And the glorious earth like a bride be dress'd,
But it wins *her* back no more!

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THE SWORD OF THE TOMB.

A NORTHERN LEGEND.

The idea of this ballad is taken from a scene in *Starkother*, a tragedy by the Danish poet Ochlenschlager. The sepulchral fire here alluded to, and supposed to guard the ashes of deceased heroes, is frequently mentioned in the Northern Sagas. Severe sufferings to the departed spirit, were supposed by the Scandinavian mythologists to be the consequence of any profanation of the sepulchre. —— See OCHLENSCHLAGER'S *Plays*.

"VOICE of the gifted elder time!
Voice of the charm and the Runic rhyme!
Speak! from the shades and the depths disclose
How Sigurd may vanquish his mortal foes;
Voice of the buried past!

"Voice of the grave! 'tis the mighty hour,
When night with her stars and dreams hath power,
And my step hath been soundless on the snows,
And the spell I have sung hath laid repose
On the billow and the blast."

Then the torrents of the North
And the forest pines were still,
While a hollow chant came forth
From the dark sepulchral hill.

"There shines no sun 'midst the hidden dead;
But where the day looks not the brave may tread:
There is heard no song, and no mead is pour'd;
But the warrior may come to the silent board,
In the shadow of the night.

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"There is laid a sword in thy father's tomb,
And its edge is fraught with thy foeman's doom;
And soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!"

Then died the solemn lay,
As a trumpet's music dies,
By the night-wind borne away
Through the wild and stormy skies.

The fir-trees rock'd to the wailing blast,
As on through the forest the warrior pass'd—
Through the forest of Odin, the dim and old—
The dark place of visions and legends, told
By the fires of Northern pine.

The fir-trees rock'd, and the frozen ground
Gave back to his footstep a hollow sound;
And it seem'd that the depths of those awful shades,
From the dreary gloom of their long arcades,
Gave warning, with voice and sign.

But the wind strange magic knows,
To call wild shape and tone
From the grey wood's tossing boughs,
When Night is on her throne.

The pines closed o'er him with deeper gloom,
As he took the path to the monarch's tomb:
The Pole-star shone, and the heavens were bright
With the arrowy streams of the Northern light;
But his road through dimness lay!

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He pass'd, in the heart of that ancient wood,
The dark shrine stain'd with the victim's blood;
Nor paused till the rock, where a vaulted bed
Had been hewn of old for the kingly dead,
Arose on his midnight way.

Then first a moment's chill
Went shuddering through his breast,
And the steel-clad man stood still
Before that place of rest.

But he cross'd at length, with a deep-drawn breath,
The threshold-floor of the hall of Death,
And look'd on the pale mysterious fire
Which gleam'd from the urn of his warrior-sire
With a strange and solemn light.

Then darkly the words of the boding strain
Like an omen rose on his soul again,
—"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!"

But the gleaming sword and shield
Of many a battle-day
Hung o'er that urn, reveal'd
By the tomb-fire's waveless ray;

With a faded wreath of oak-leaves bound,
They hung o'er the dust of the far-renown'd,
Whom the bright Valkyriur's warning voice
Had call'd to the banquet where gods rejoice,
And the rich mead flows in light.

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With a beating heart his son drew near,
And still rang the verse in his thrilling ear,
—"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!"

And many a Saga's rhyme,
And legend of the grave,
That shadowy scene and time
Call'd back, to daunt the brave.

But he raised his arm—and the flame grew dim,
And the sword in its light seem'd to wave and swim,
And his faltering hand could not grasp it well—
From the pale oak-wreath, with a clash, it fell
Through the chamber of the dead!

The deep tomb rang with the heavy sound,
And the urn lay shiver'd in fragments round;
And a rush, as of tempests, quench'd the fire,
And the scatter'd dust of his warlike sire
Was strewn on the Champion's head.

One moment—and all was still
In the slumberer's ancient hall,
When the rock had ceased to thrill
With the mighty weapon's fall.

The stars were just fading, one by one,
The clouds were just tinged by the early sun,

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When there stream'd through the cavern a torch's
flame,
And the brother of Sigurd the valiant came
To seek him in the tomb.

Stretch'd on his shield, like the steel-girt slain,
By moonlight seen on the battle-plain,
In a speechless trance lay the warrior there;
But he wildly woke when the torch's glare
Burst on him through the gloom.

"The morning wind blows free,
And the hour of chase is near:
Come forth, come forth with me!
What do'st thou, Sigurd, here?"

"I have put out the holy sepulchral fire,
I have scatter'd the dust of my warrior-sire!
It burns on my head, and it weighs down my heart;
But the winds shall not wander without their part
To strew o'er the restless deep!

"In the mantle of death he was here with me now—
There was wrath in his eye, there was gloom on his
brow;
And his cold still glance on my spirit fell
With an icy ray and a withering spell—
Oh! chill is the house of sleep!"

"The morning wind blows free,
And the reddening sun shines clear;
Come forth, come forth with me!
It is dark and fearful here!"

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"He is there, he is there, with his shadowy frown!
But gone from his head is the kingly crown—
The crown from his head, and the spear from his hand—
They have chased him far from the glorious land
Where the feast of the gods is spread!

"He must go forth alone on his phantom steed,
He must ride o'er the grave-hills with stormy speed:
His place is no longer at Odin's board,
He is driven from Valhalla without his sword;
But the slayer shall avenge the dead!"

That sword its fame had won
By the fall of many a crest;
But its fiercest work was done
In the tomb, on Sigurd's breast!

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VALKYRIUR SONG.

The Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters of Northern mythology were supposed to single out the warriors who were to die in battle, and be received into the halls of Odin.

When a northern chief fell gloriously in war, his obsequies were honoured with all possible magnificence. His arms, gold and silver, war-horse, domestic attendants, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependants and friends frequently made it a point of honour to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in Valhalla, or the Palace of Odin. And, lastly, his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile. —— See MALLET's *Northern Antiquities*, HERBERT's *Helga*, *&c.*

> "Tremblingly flash'd th' inconstant meteor light,
> Showing thin forms like virgins of this earth;
> Save that all signs of human joy or grief,
> The flush of passion, smile, or tear, had seem'd
> On the fix'd brightness of each dazzling cheek
> Strange and unnatural." MILMAN.

THE sea-king woke from the troubled sleep
Of a vision-haunted night,
And he look'd from his bark o'er the gloomy deep,
And counted the streaks of light;
For the red sun's earliest ray
Was to rouse his bands that day
To the stormy joy of fight!

But the dreams of rest were still on earth,
And the silent stars on high,
And there waved not the smoke of one cabin hearth
'Midst the quiet of the sky;
And along the twilight bay,
In their sleep the hamlets lay,
For they knew not the Norse were nigh!

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The Sea-king look'd o'er the brooding wave;
He turn'd to the dusky shore,
And there seem'd, through the arch of a tide-worn cave,
A gleam, as of snow, to pour;
And forth, in watery light,
Moved phantoms, dimly white,
Which the garb of woman bore.

Slowly they moved to the billow side;
And the forms, as they grew more clear,
Seem'd each on a tall pale steed to ride,
And a shadowy crest to rear,
And to beckon with faint hand
From the dark and rocky strand,
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,
Before th' unearthly train,
For he knew Valhalla's daughters well,
The Choosers of the slain!
And a sudden rising breeze
Bore, across the moaning seas,
To his ear their thrilling strain.

"There are songs in Odin's Hall
For the brave ere night to fall!
Doth the great sun hide his ray?
He must bring a wrathful day!
Sleeps the falchion in its sheath?—
Swords must do the work of death!
Regner!—Sea-king!—*thee* we call!—
There is joy in Odin's Hall.

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"At the feast and in the song,
Thou shalt be remember'd long!
By the green isles of the flood,
Thou hast left thy track in blood!
On the earth and on the sea,
There are those will speak of thee!
'Tis enough,—the war-gods call,—
There is mead in Odin's Hall!

"Regner! tell thy fair-hair'd bride
She must slumber at thy side!
Tell the brother of thy breast
Even for him thy grave hath rest!
Tell the raven steed which bore thee
When the wild wolf fled before thee,
He too with his lord must fall,—
There is room in Odin's Hall!

"Lo! the mighty sun looks forth—
Arm! thou leader of the north!
Lo! the mists of twilight fly,—
We must vanish, thou must die!
By the sword and by the spear,
By the hand that knows not fear,
Sea-king! nobly shalt thou fall!—
There is joy in Odin's Hall!"

There was arming heard on land and wave,
When afar the sunlight spread,
And the phantom forms of the tide-worn cave
With the mists of morning fled,
But at eve, the kingly hand
Of the battle-axe and brand
Lay cold on a pile of dead!

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THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS.

A SWISS TRADITION.

The three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the Three Tells; and say that they lie there in their antique garb, in quiet slumber; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land.——*See Quarterly Review*, No. 44.

The Grütli, where the confederates held their nightly meetings, is a meadow on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne, or Lake of the Forest-cantons, here called the Forest-sea.

Oh! enter not yon shadowy cave,
Seek not the bright spars there,
Though the whispering pines that o'er it wave
With freshness fill the air:
For there the Patriot Three,
In the garb of old array'd,
By their native Forest-sea,
On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore
Beneath the midnight sky,
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore
In the name of liberty!
Now silently they sleep
Amidst the hills they freed;
But their rest is only deep
Till their country's hour of need.

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They start not at the hunter's call,
Nor the Lammer-geyer's cry,
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
Nor the Lauwine thundering by!
And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
To a Switzer's heart so dear!
On the wild wind floats away,
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagles' lonely sky;
When the spear-heads light the lakes,
When trumpets loose the snows,
When the rushing war-steed shakes
The glacier's mute repose;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light;—
Then from the cavern of the dead
Shall the sleepers wake in might!
With a leap, like Tell's proud leap
When away the helm he flung,
And boldly up the steep
From the flashing billow sprung![1]

They shall wake beside their Forest-sea,
In the ancient garb they wore

[1] The point of rock on which Tell leaped from the boat of Gessler is marked by a chapel, and called the *Tellensprung*.

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When they link'd the hands that made us free,
On the Grütli's moonlight shore;
And their voices shall be heard,
And be answer'd with a shout,
Till the echoing Alps are stirr'd,
And the signal-fires blaze out.

And the land shall see such deeds again
As those of that proud day,
When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,
Through the serried spears made way;
And when the rocks came down
On the dark Morgarten dell,
And the crowned casques,[1] o'erthrown,
Before our fathers fell!

For the Kühreihen's[2] notes must never sound
In a land that wears the chain,
And the vines on freedom's holy ground
Untrampled must remain!
And the yellow harvests wave
For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent cave
The men of Grütli sleep!

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[1] *Crowned Helmets*, as a distinction of rank, are mentioned in Simond's *Switzerland*.

[2] The Kühreihen — the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches*.

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SWISS SONG,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

The Swiss, even to our days, have continued to celebrate the anniversaries of their ancient battles with much solemnity; assembling in the open air on the fields where their ancestors fought, to hear thanksgivings offered up by the priests, and the names of all who shared in the glory of the day enumerated. They afterwards walk in procession to chapels, always erected in the vicinity of such scenes, where masses are sung for the souls of the departed. —— See PLANTA's *History of the Helvetic Confederacy.*

Look on the white Alps round!
  If yet they gird a land
Where Freedom's voice and step are found,
  Forget ye not the band,—
The faithful band, our sires, who fell
Here in the narrow battle dell!

If yet, the wilds among,
  Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn hath rung,
  And home our steps may turn,—
Home!—home!—if still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perish'd here!

Look on the white Alps round!
  Up to their shining snows
That day the stormy rolling sound,
  The sound of battle, rose!
Their caves prolong'd the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it pass'd!

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They saw the princely crest,
They saw the knightly spear,
The banner and the mail-clad breast,
Borne down, and trampled here!
They saw—and glorying there they stand
Eternal records to the land!

Praise to the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen!
By them no steel array was worn,
They stood as peasant-men!
They left the vineyard and the field,
To break an empire's lance and shield!

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet, along their steeps,
Our children's fearless feet may bound,
Free as the chamois leaps:
Teach them in song to bless the band
Amidst whose mossy graves we stand!

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
When winter stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of elder days
May proudly yet be told,
Forget not then the shepherd race,
Who made the hearth a holy place!

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet the Sabbath-bell
Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound.
Think on the battle dell!
For blood first bathed its flowery sod,
That chainless hearts might worship God!

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THE MESSENGER BIRD.

Some of the native Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world. —— See PICART'S *Ceremonies and Religious Customs.*

THOU art come from the spirits' land, thou bird!
Thou art come from the spirits' land:
Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that summer shore,
And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
They are there—and they weep no more!

And we know they have quench'd their fever's thirst
From the Fountain of youth ere now,[1]
For *there* must the stream in its freshness burst
Which none may find below!

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[1] An expedition was actually undertaken by Juan Ponce de Leon, in the 16th century, with a view of discovering a wonderful fountain, believed by the natives of Puerto Rico to spring in one of the Lucayo Isles, and to possess the virtue of restoring youth to all who bathed in its waters. —— See ROBERTSON'S *History of America.*

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And we know that they will not be lured to earth
From the land of deathless flowers,
By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,
Though their hearts were once with ours:

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,
And bent with us the bow,
And heard the tales of our fathers' days,
Which are told to others now!

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!
Can those who have loved forget?
We call—and they answer not again—
Do they love—do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother *there*,
And the father of his child?
And the chief, of those that were wont to share
His wandering through the wild?

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill;
We know, thou bird! that their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still?[1]

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[1] ANSWER TO THE MESSENGER BIRD.

BY AN AMERICAN QUAKER LADY.

Yes, I came from the spirits' land,
From the land that is bright and fair;
I came with a voice from the shadowy band,
To tell that they love you there.

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To say, if a wish or a vain regret
Could live in Elysian bowers,
'T would be for the friends they can ne'er forget,
The beloved of their youthful hours.

To whisper the dear deserted band,
Who smiled on their tarriance here,
That a faithful guard in the dreamless land,
Are the friends they have loved so dear.

'T is true, in the silent night you call,
And they answer you not again;
But the spirits of bliss are voiceless all—
Sound only was made for pain.

That their land is bright and they weep no more,
I have warbled from hill to hill;
But my plaintive strain should have told before,
That they love, oh! they love you still.

They bid me say that unfading flowers
You'll find in the path they trode;
And a welcome true to their deathless bowers,
Pronounced by the voice of God. 1827.

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THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.

An early traveller mentions people on the banks of the Mississippi who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. The reason of this is, that they fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst these foreign travellers. —— PICART'S *Ceremonies and Religious Customs.*

"J'ai passé moi-même," says Chateaubriand in his Souvenirs d'Amerique, "chez une peuplade Indienne qui se prenait à pleurer à la vue d'un voyageur, parce qu'il lui rappelait des amis partis pour la Contrée des Ames, et depuis long-tems *en voyage.*"

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!
We look'd for the youth of the sunny glance
Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance!
The light of his eye was a joy to see,
The path of his arrows a storm to flee!
But there came a voice from a distant shore:
He was call'd—he is found 'midst his tribe no more!
He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,
But we look for him still—he will yet return!
His brother sat with a drooping brow
In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough:
We roused him—we bade him no longer pine,
For we heard a step—but the step was thine.

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!
We look'd for the maid of the mournful song—
Mournful, though sweet—she hath left us long!

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We told her the youth of her love was gone,
And she went forth to seek him—she pass'd alone;
We hear not her voice when the woods are still,
From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill.
The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,
The winter is white on his lonely head,
He hath none by his side when the wilds we track,
He hath none when we rest—yet she comes not back!
We look'd for her eye on the feast to shine,
For her breezy step—but the step was thine!

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!
We look'd for the chief who hath left the spear
And the bow of his battles forgotten here!
We look'd for the hunter, whose bride's lament
On the wind of the forest at eve is sent:
We look'd for the first-born, whose mother's cry
Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky!—
Where are they?—thou'rt seeking some distant coast—
O ask of them, stranger!—send back the lost!
Tell them we mourn by the dark blue streams,
Tell them our lives but of them are dreams!
Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,
And to watch for a step—but the step was thine!

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THE ISLE OF FOUNTS.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

"The river St. Mary has its source from a vast lake or marsh, which lies between Flint and Oakmulge rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich high land; one of which the present generation of the Creek Indians represent to be a most blissful spot of earth: they say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game; but that in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved, at length, to leave the delusive pursuit, and to return; which, after a number of difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade, and make a conquest of so charming a country; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot." —— BERTRAM'S *Travels through North and South Carolina, &c.*

The additional circumstances in the "Isle of Founts" are merely imaginary.

Son of the stranger! wouldst thou take
O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,
To reach the still and shining lake
Along whose banks the west winds play?—
Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh! seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

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Lull but the mighty serpent king,[1]
'Midst the grey rocks, his old domain;
Ward but the cougar's deadly spring,—
Thy step that lake's green shore may gain;
And the bright Isle, when all is pass'd,
Shall vainly meet thine eye at last!

Yes! there, with all its rainbow streams,
Clear as within thine arrow's flight,
The Isle of Founts, the Isle of dreams,
Floats on the wave in golden light;
And lovely will the shadows be
Of groves whose fruit is not for thee!

And breathings from their sunny flowers,
Which are not of the things that die,
And singing voices from their bowers,
Shall greet thee in the purple sky;
Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell
Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Or hast thou heard the sounds that rise
From the deep chambers of the earth?

---

[1] The Cherokees believe that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, are inhabited by the kings or chiefs of rattlesnakes, whom they denominate the "bright old inhabitants." They represent them as snakes of an enormous size, and which possess the power of drawing to them every living creature that comes within the reach of their eyes. Their heads are said to be crowned with a carbuncle of dazzling brightness. —— See *Notes to* LEYDEN'S *Scenes of Infancy.*

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The wild and wondrous melodies
To which the ancient rocks gave birth?[1]
Like that sweet song of hidden caves
Shall swell those wood-notes o'er the waves.

The emerald waves!—they take their hue
And image from that sunbright shore;
But wouldst thou launch thy light canoe,
And wouldst thou ply thy rapid oar,—
Before thee, hadst thou morning's speed,
The dreamy land should still recede!

Yet on the breeze thou still wouldst hear
The music of its flowering shades,
And ever should the sound be near
Of founts that ripple through its glades;
The sound, and sight, and flashing ray
Of joyous waters in their play!

But woe for him who sees them burst
With their bright spray-showers to the lake!
Earth has no spring to quench the thirst
That semblance in his soul shall wake,
For ever pouring through his dreams,
The gush of those untasted streams!

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn,
The waters of our deserts lie,
Yet at their source his lip shall burn,
Parch'd with the fever's agony!

[1] The stones on the banks of the Orinoco, called by the South American missionaries *Laxas de Musica*, and alluded to in a former note.

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From the blue mountains to the main,
Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
Back from their long and weary quest;—
Had they not seen th' untrodden shore,
And could they 'midst our wilds find rest?
The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills,
With visions in their darken'd eye,
Their joy was not amidst the hills
Where elk and deer before us fly;
Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the wind were flung.

They bent no more the forest-bow,
They arm'd not with the warrior-band,
The moons waned o'er them dim and slow—
They left us for the spirits' land!
Beneath our pines yon greensward heap
Shows where the restless found their sleep.

Son of the stranger! if at eve
Silence be 'midst us in thy place,
Yet go not where the mighty leave
The strength of battle and of chase!
Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh! seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

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THE BENDED BOW.

It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bended bow;* and that peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore straight. —— See the *Cambrian Antiquities.*

THERE was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended bow;
And a voice was pour'd on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

"Heard you not the battle-horn?—
Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
Leave it for the birds of heaven,
Swords must flash, and spears be riven!
Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm! ere Britain's turf grow red!"

And the reaper arm'd, like a freeman's son;
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Hunter! leave the mountain-chase!
Take the falchion from its place!
Let the wolf go free to-day,
Leave him for a nobler prey!
Let the deer ungall'd sweep by,—
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!"

And the hunter arm'd ere the chase was done;
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

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"Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
Stay not till the song hath ceased:
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light,
Leave the hearth, and leave the hall—
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall."

And the chieftain arm'd, and the horn was blown;
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Prince! thy father's deeds are told,
In the bower and in the hold!
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung!
Foes are on thy native sea—
Give our bards a tale of thee!"

And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's son;
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Mother! stay thou not thy boy!
He must learn the battle's joy.
Sister! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer!
Maiden! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart!"

And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on;
And the bards made song for a battle won.

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HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

It is recorded of Henry the First, that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.

The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him pass'd the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the tourney's victor crown'd,
Amidst the knightly ring:
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again.

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Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again!

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

Torches were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier
In the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light was flung
On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimm'd at times by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there:

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As if each deeply furrow'd trace
Of earthly years to show,—
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,
Sang mass for the parted soul:
And solemn were the strains they pour'd
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chant was hush'd awhile
As, by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle,
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
An eagle-glance and clear;
But his proud heart through its breastplate shook,
When he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And clasp'd hands o'er it raised;—
For his father lay before him low,
It was Cœur de Lion gazed!

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And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast;
But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppress'd!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain,—
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
And he reck'd not that they saw.

He look'd upon the dead,
And sorrow seem'd to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stoop'd—and kiss'd the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—
Gave his soul's passion way.

"Oh, father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father! once again,
I weep—behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire!
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire!
To hear thee bless thy son.

"Speak to me! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirr'd!
Hear me, but hear me!—father, chief,
My king! I *must* be heard!—

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Hush'd, hush'd—how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus, woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot!

"Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!
And father, father! but for me,
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last,
No longer couldst thou strive;—
Oh! for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say—'forgive!'

"Thou wert the noblest king,
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war, the bravest heart—
Oh! ever the renown'd and loved
Thou wert—and *there* thou art!

"Thou that my boyhood's guide
Didst take fond joy to be!—
The times I've sported at thy side,
And climb'd thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire! I see thee lie,—
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!"

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THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR THE FALLEN TREE.

"Here (at Brereton in Cheshire) is one thing incredibly strange, but attested, as I myself have heard, by many persons, and commonly believed. Before any heir of this family dies, there are seen, in a lake adjoining, the bodies of trees swimming on the water for several days."——CAMDEN's *Britannia*.

YES! I have seen the ancient oak
On the dark deep water cast,
And it was not fell'd by the woodman's stroke,
Or the rush of the sweeping blast;
For the axe might never touch that tree,
And the air was still as a summer sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief
By an arrow in the fight,
And the old woods shook, to their loftiest leaf,
At the crashing of its might!
And the startled deer to their coverts drew,
And the spray of the lake as a fountain's flew!

'Tis fallen! but think thou not I weep
For the forest's pride o'erthrown;
An old man's tears lie far too deep
To be pour'd for this alone!
But by that sign too well I know,
That a youthful head must soon be low!

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A youthful head, with its shining hair
And its bright quick-flashing eye—
Well may I weep! for the boy is fair,
Too fair a thing to die!
But on his brow the mark is set—
Oh! could *my* life redeem him yet!

He bounded by me as I gazed
Alone on the fatal sign,
And it seem'd like sunshine when he raised
His joyous glance to mine!
With a stag's fleet step he bounded by,
So full of life—but he must die!

He must, he must! in that deep dell,
By that dark water's side,
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree fell
But an heir of his fathers died.
And he—there's laughter in his eye,
Joy in his voice—yet he must die!

I've borne him in these arms, that now
Are nerveless and unstrung;
And must I see, on that fair brow,
The dust untimely flung?
I must!—yon green oak, branch and crest,
Lies floating on the dark lake's breast!

The noble boy!—how proudly sprung
The falcon from his hand!
It seem'd like youth to see *him* young,
A flower in his father's land!
But the hour of the knell and the dirge is nigh,
For the tree hath fall'n, and the flower must die.

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Say not 'tis vain!—I tell thee, some
Are warn'd by a meteor's light,
Or a pale bird, flitting, calls them home,
Or a voice on the winds by night;
And they must go!—and he too, he—.
Woe for the fall of the glorious Tree!

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

It is a popular belief in the Odenwald, that the passing of the Wild Huntsman announces the approach of war. He is supposed to issue with his train from the ruined castle of Rodenstein, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts. It is confidently asserted, that the sound of his phantom horses and hounds was heard by the Duke of Baden before the commencement of the last war in Germany.

Thy rest was deep at the slumberer's hour,
If thou didst not hear the blast
Of the savage horn from the mountain tower,
As the Wild Night-Huntsman pass'd,
And the roar of the stormy chase went by,
Through the dark unquiet sky!

The stag sprung up from his mossy bed
When he caught the piercing sounds,
And the oak-boughs crash'd to his antler'd head,
As he flew from the viewless hounds;
And the falcon soar'd from her craggy height,
Away through the rushing night!

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The banner shook on its ancient hold,
And the pine in its desert place,
As the cloud and tempest onward roll'd
With the din of the trampling race;
And the glens were fill'd with the laugh and shout,
And the bugle, ringing out!

From the chieftain's hand the wine-cup fell,
At the castle's festive board,
And a sudden pause came o'er the swell
Of the harp's triumphal chord;
And the Minnesinger's[1] thrilling lay
In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chanted rite was stay'd,
And the hermit dropp'd his beads,
And a trembling ran through the forest-shade,
At the neigh of the phantom steeds,
And the church-bells peal'd to the rocking blast,
As the Wild Night-Huntsman pass'd.

The storm hath swept with the chase away,
There is stillness in the sky;
But the mother looks on her son to-day,
With a troubled heart and eye,
And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care
'Midst the gleam of her golden hair!

[1] Minnesinger, *love-singer*, — the wandering minstrels of Germany were so called in the middle ages.

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The Rhine flows bright; but its waves erelong
Must hear a voice of war,
And a clash of spears our hills among,
And a trumpet from afar;
And the brave on a bloody turf must lie,
For the Huntsman hath gone by!

BRANDENBURG HARVEST-SONG.[1]

FROM THE GERMAN OF LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

The corn, in golden light
Waves o'er the plain;
The sickle's gleam is bright;
Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around
Our harvest lay!—
Alas! a heavier sound
Comes o'er the day!

Earth shrouds with burial sod
Her soft eye's blue,—
How o'er the gifts of God
Fall tears like dew!

On every breeze a knell
The hamlets pour,—
We know its cause too well,
She is no more!

[1] For the year of the Queen of Prussia's death.

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THE SHADE OF THESEUS.

AN ANCIENT GREEK TRADITION.

Know ye not when our dead
From sleep to battle sprung?—
When the Persian charger's tread
On their covering greensward rung.
When the trampling march of foes
Had crush'd our vines and flowers,
When jewell'd crests arose
Through the holy laurel bowers;

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

There was one, a leader crown'd,
And arm'd for Greece that day;
But the falchions made no sound
On his gleaming war-array.
In the battle's front he stood,
With his tall and shadowy crest;
But the arrows drew no blood,
Though their path was through his breast.

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

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His sword was seen to flash
Where the boldest deeds were done;
But it smote without a clash:
The stroke was heard by none!
His voice was not of those
That swell'd the rolling blast,
And his steps fell hush'd like snows—
'Twas the Shade of Theseus pass'd!

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

Far sweeping through the foe,
With a fiery charge, he bore;
And the Mede left many a bow
On the sounding ocean-shore.
And the foaming waves grew red,
And the sails were crowded fast,
When the sons of Asia fled,
As the shade of Theseus pass'd!

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

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ANCIENT GREEK SONG OF EXILE.

Where is the summer, with her golden sun?—
That festal glory hath not pass'd from earth:
For me alone the laughing day is done!
Where is the summer with her voice of mirth?
—Far in my own bright land?

Where are the Fauns, whose flute-notes breathe and die
On the green hills?—the founts, from sparry caves
Through the wild places bearing melody?
The reeds, low whispering o'er the river waves?
—Far in my own bright land!

Where are the temples, through the dim wood shining,
The virgin-dances, and the choral-strains?
Where the sweet sisters of my youth, entwining
The Spring's first roses for their sylvan fanes?
—Far in my own bright land!

Where are the vineyards, with their joyous throngs,
The red grapes pressing when the foliage fades?
The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely Dorian songs,
And the pine forests, and the olive shades?
—Far in my own bright land!

Where the deep haunted grots, the laurel bowers,
The Dryad's footsteps, and the minstrel's dreams?—
Oh! that my life were as a southern flower's!
I might not languish then by these chill streams,
Far from my own bright land!

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GREEK FUNERAL CHANT, OR MYRIOLOGUE.

"Les Chants Funèbres par lesquels on déplore en Grèce la mort de ses proches, prennent le nom particulier de Myriologia, comme qui dirait, Discours de lamentation, complaintes. Un malade vient-il de rendre le dernier soupir, sa femme, sa mère, ses filles, ses sœurs, celles, en un mot, de ses plus proches parentes qui sont là, lui ferment les yeux et la bouche, en épanchant librement, chacune selon son naturel et sa mesure de tendresse pour le défunt, la douleur qu'elle ressent de sa perte. Ce premier devoir rempli, elles se retirent toutes chez une de leurs parentes ou de leurs amies. Là elles changent de vêtemens, s'habillent de blanc, comme pour la céremonie nuptiale, avec cette difference, qu'elles gardent la tête nue, les cheveux épars et pendants. Ces apprêts terminés, les parentes reviennent dans leur parure de deuil; toutes se rangent en circle autour du mort, et leur douleur s'exhale de nouveau, et, comme la première fois, sans règle et sans contrainte. A ces plaintes spontanées succèdent bientôt des lamentations d'une autre espèce: ce sont les *Myriologues*. Ordinairement c'est la plus proche parente qui prononce le sien la première; apres elle les autres parentes, les amies, les simples voisines. Les Myriologues sont toujours composés et chantés par les femmes. Ils sont toujours improvisés, toujours en vers, et toujours chantés sur un air qui diffère d'un lieu à un autre, mais qui, dans un lieu donné, reste invariablement consacré à ce genre de poësie."——*Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne, par C. Fauriel.*

A WAIL was heard around the bed, the death-bed
of the young,
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful mother sung.—

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"Ianthis! dost thou sleep?—Thou sleep'st!—but this is not the rest,
The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pillow'd on my breast!
I lull'd thee not to *this* repose, Ianthis! my sweet son!
As in thy glowing childhood's time by twilight I have done!—
How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now?
And that I die not, seeking death on thy pale glorious brow?

"I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave!
I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave!
Though mournfully thy smile is fix'd, and heavily thine eye
Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it loved to lie;
And fast is bound the springing step, that seem'd on breezes borne,
When to thy couch I came and said,—'Wake, hunter, wake! 'tis morn!'
Yet art thou lovely still, my flower! untouch'd by slow decay,—
And I, the wither'd stem, remain—I would that grief might slay!
"Oh! ever when I met thy look, I knew that *this* would be!
I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee!

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I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high;—
A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die!
That thou must die, my fearless one! where swords were flashing red.—
Why doth a mother live to say—My first-born and my dead?
They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won—
Speak *thou*, and I will hear! my child, Ianthis! my sweet son!"

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,
A fair-hair'd bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung.—
"Ianthis! look'st thou not on *me?*—Can love indeed be fled?
When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head?
I would that I had follow'd thee, Ianthis, my beloved!
And stood as woman oft hath stood where faithful hearts are proved!
That I had bound a breastplate on, and battled at thy side—
It would have been a blessed thing together had we died!

"But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword?
Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board?

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Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine,
Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine?
And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart
Fast gushing like a mountain-spring!—and couldst thou thus depart?
Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath?—
Oh! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death!

"Yes! I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,
And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread!
But not where noble blood flow'd forth, where sounding javelins flew—
Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu?
What now can breathe of gladness more,—what scene, what hour, what tone?
The blue skies fade with all their lights; they fade, since thou art gone!
Even *that* must leave me, that still face, by all my tears unmoved—
Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis! my beloved!"

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful sister sung.

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"Ianthis! brother of my soul!—oh! where are now the days
That laugh'd among the deep green hills, on all our infant plays?
When we two sported by the streams, or track'd them to their source,
And like a stag's, the rocks along, was thy fleet, fearless course!—
I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,
I see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend!

"I come with flowers—for Spring is come! Ianthis! art thou *here?*
I bring the garlands she hath brought, I cast them on thy bier!
Thou shouldst be crown'd with victory's crown—but oh! more meet *they* seem,
The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream!
More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid thus early low—
Alas! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow:
The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send,—
Woe! that it smiles, and not for thee!—my brother and my friend!"

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THE PARTING SONG.

This piece is founded on a tale related by Fauriel, in his "Chansons Populaires de la Grèce Moderne," and accompanied by some very interesting particulars respecting the extempore parting songs, or songs of expatriation, as he informs us they are called, in which the modern Greeks are accustomed to pour forth their feelings on bidding farewell to their country and friends.

A YOUTH went forth to exile, from a home
Such as to early thought gives images,
The longest treasured, and most oft recall'd,
And brightest kept, of love;—a mountain home,
That, with the murmur of its rocking pines
And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart
Wakes the deep sense of nature unto joy,
And half unconscious prayer;—a Grecian home,
With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung,
And, through the dimness of its olive shades,
Catching the flash of fountains, and the gleam
Of shining pillars from the fanes of old.
And this was what he left!—Yet many leave
Far more:—the glistening eye, that first from theirs
Call'd out the soul's bright smile; the gentle hand,
Which through the sunshine led forth infant steps
To where the violets lay; the tender voice
That earliest taught them what deep melody
Lives in affection's tones.—*He* left not these.
Happy the weeper, that but weeps to part
With all a mother's love!—a bitterer grief
Was his—to part *unloved!*—of her unloved

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That should have breathed upon his heart, like spring
Fostering its young faint flowers!

Yet had he friends,
And they went forth to cheer him on his way
Unto the parting spot;—and she too went,
That mother, tearless for her youngest-born.
The parting spot was reach'd:—a lone deep glen,
Holy, perchance, of yore, for cave and fount
Were there, and sweet-voiced echoes; and above,
The silence of the blue still upper heaven
Hung round the crags of Pindus, where they wore
Their crowning snows.—Upon a rock he sprung,
The unbeloved one, for his home to gaze
Through the wild laurels back; but then a light
Broke on the stern proud sadness of his eye,
A sudden quivering light, and from his lips
A burst of passionate song.

"Farewell, farewell!
I hear thee, O thou rushing stream!—thou 'rt from my native dell,
Thou 'rt bearing thence a mournful sound—a murmur of farewell!
And fare *thee* well—flow on, my stream!—flow on, thou bright and free!
I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments for me;
But I have been a thing unloved, from childhood's loving years,
And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou hast known my tears!

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The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears have known:
The woods can tell where *he* hath wept, that ever wept alone!

"I see thee once again, my home! thou 'rt there amidst thy vines,
And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of summer shines.
It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering through thy groves,
The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour the mother loves!—
The hour *the mother* loves!—for *me* beloved it hath not been;
Yet ever in its purple smile, *thou* smilest, a blessed scene!
Whose quiet beauty o'er my soul through distant years will come—
Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be then, my home?

"Not as the dead!—no, not the dead!—We speak of *them*—we keep
Their names, like light that must not fade, within our bosoms deep!
We hallow even the lyre they touch'd, we love the lay they sung,
We pass with softer step the place *they* fill'd our band among!
But I depart like sound, like dew, like aught that leaves on earth
No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth!

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I go!—the echo of the rock a thousand songs may swell
When mine is a forgotten voice.—Woods, mountains, home, farewell!

"And farewell, mother!—I have borne in lonely silence long,
But now the current of my soul grows passionate and strong!
And I will speak! though but the wind that wanders through the sky,
And but the dark, deep-rustling pines and rolling streams reply.
Yes! I will speak!—within my breast whate'er hath seem'd to be,
There lay a hidden fount of love, that would have gush'd for thee!
Brightly it would have gush'd, but thou, my mother! thou hast thrown
Back on the forests and the wilds what should have been thine own!

"Then fare thee well! I leave thee not in loneliness to pine,
Since thou hast sons of statelier mien and fairer brow than mine!
Forgive me that thou couldst not love!—it may be, that a tone
Yet from my burning heart may pierce through thine, when I am gone!
And thou, perchance, may'st weep for him on whom thou ne'er hast smiled,
And the grave give his birthright back to thy neglected child!

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Might but my spirit *then* return, and 'midst its kindred dwell,
And quench its thirst with love's free tears!—'T is all a dream—farewell!"

"Farewell!"—the echo died with that deep word;
Yet died not so the late repentant pang
By the strain quicken'd in the mother's breast!
There had pass'd many changes o'er her brow,
And cheek, and eye; but into one bright flood
Of tears at last all melted; and she fell
On the glad bosom of her child, and cried,
"Return, return, my son!"—The echo caught
A lovelier sound than song, and woke again,
Murmuring—"Return, my son!"——

THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

It is related, in a French life of Ali Pacha, that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into the mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.

She stood upon the loftiest peak,
Amidst the clear blue sky:
A bitter smile was on her cheek,
And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines
Dost thou see where the foeman's armour shines?

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Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?
My babe, that I cradled on my breast!
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy?
—That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath,
Lay Suliote sire and son:
They had heap'd high the piles of death
Before the pass was won.

"They have cross'd the torrent, and on they come!
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
Nought but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till even the upper air was stirr'd,
As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild!
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?—
Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low—
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!"

But nearer came the clash of steel,
And louder swell'd the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

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"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?—
Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,—
Free, and how cherish'd, my warrior's son!
He too hath bless'd thee, as I have done!
Ay, and unchain'd must his loved ones be—
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
And fast the fair child bore:—
A veil upon the wind was flung,
A cry—and all was o'er!

THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

The following piece is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered) and to bid their final adieu.——See *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean.*

——"Tis hard to lay into the earth
A countenance so benign! a form that walk'd
But yesterday so stately o'er the earth!"
WILSON.

COME near!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother; and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust!
Come near!—once more let kindred lips be press'd
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

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Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race?
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impress'd—
Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest!

Ye weep, and it is well!
For tears befit earth's partings!—Yesterday,
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seem'd to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd!—
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest!

Look yet on him whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth!
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?—
But not where death has power may love be bless'd—
Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest!

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The Spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is *he* not gone, our brightest and our best?
Come near! and bear the early-call'd to rest!

Look on him! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?—
Too still and sad the smile upon his face;
Yet that, even that must fade!
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest!—
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest!

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His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast;
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest!

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quench'd—for him the past
Is seal'd. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birth-right's hope away!
All is not *here* of our beloved and bless'd—
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest!

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.[1]

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of and in vain!—
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies!—
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.—
Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

[1] Originally introduced in the "Forest Sanctuary."

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Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear but now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.—
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long!
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
Restore the dead, thou sea!

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd:
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale:
Their breath floats out on the southern gale;
And the torch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

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Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And the dream of his youth — bring him flowers,
wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed!
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift — bring ye flowers, pale
flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is *there!*

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They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory — bring flowers, bright flowers!

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

"Alas! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan cheeks and sunburnt hair
She had not known her child."
Marmion.

Rest, pilgrim, rest! — thou 'rt from the Syrian land,
Thou 'rt from the wild and wondrous east, I know
By the long-wither'd palm-branch in thy hand,
And by the darkness of thy sunburnt brow.
Alas! the bright, the beautiful, who part
So full of hope, for that far country's bourne!
Alas! the weary and the changed in heart,
And dimm'd in aspect, who like thee return!

Thou 'rt faint — stay, rest thee from thy toils at last:
Through the high chestnuts lightly plays the breeze,
The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is past,
The sailor's hymn hath died along the seas.
Thou 'rt faint and worn — hear'st thou the fountain welling
By the grey pillars of yon ruin'd shrine?
Seest thou the dewy grapes before thee swelling?
— He that hath left me train'd that loaded vine!

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He was a child when thus the bower he wove,
(Oh! hath a day fled since his childhood's time?)
That I might sit and hear the sound I love,
Beneath its shade—the convent's vesper-chime.
And sit *thou* there!—for he was gentle ever,
With his glad voice he would have welcomed thee,
And brought fresh fruits to cool thy parch'd lips' fever—
There in his place thou 'rt resting—where is he?

If I could hear that laughing voice again,
But once again!—how oft it wanders by,
In the still hours, like some remember'd strain,
Troubling the heart with its wild melody!—
Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim! hast thou seen
In that far land, the chosen land of yore,
A youth—my Guido—with the fiery mien
And the dark eye of this Italian shore?

The dark, clear, lightning eye!—on heaven and earth
It smiled—as if man were not dust it smiled!
The very air seem'd kindling with his mirth,
And I—my heart grew young before my child!
My blessed child!—I had but him—yet he
Fill'd all my home even with o'erflowing joy,
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free—
Where is he now?—my pride, my flower, my boy!

His sunny childhood melted from my sight,
Like a spring dew-drop—then his forehead wore
A prouder look—his eye a keener light—
I knew these woods might be his world no more!

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He loved me—but he left me!—thus they go
Whom we have rear'd, watch'd, bless'd, too much adored!
He heard the trumpet of the Red-Cross blow,
And bounded from me with his father's sword!

Thou weep'st—I tremble—thou hast seen the slain
Pressing a bloody turf; the young and fair,
With their pale beauty strewing o'er the plain
Where hosts have met—speak! answer!—was *he* there?
Oh! hath his smile departed?—Could the grave
Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee?—
No! I shall yet behold his dark locks wave—
That look gives hope—I knew it could not be!

Still weep'st thou, wand'rer?—some fond mother's glance
O'er thee, too, brooded in thine early years—
Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance,
Bathed all thy faded hair with parting tears?
Speak, for thy tears disturb me!—what art thou?
Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on?
Look up!—oh! is it—that wan cheek and brow!—
Is it—alas! yet joy!—my son, my son!

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THEKLA'S SONG; OR, THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

This song is said to have been composed by Schiller in answer to the enquiries of his friends respecting the fate of *Thekla*, whose beautiful character is withdrawn from the tragedy of *Wallenstein's Death*, after her resolution to visit the grave of her lover is made known.

> ———"'Tis not merely
> The human being's *pride* that peoples space
> With life and mystical predominance;
> Since likewise for the stricken heart of *love*
> This visible nature, and this common world,
> Are all too narrow."
>
> COLERIDGE'S *Translation of Wallenstein.*

Ask'st thou my home?—my pathway would'st thou know,
When from thine eye my floating shadow pass'd!
Was not my work fulfill'd and closed below?
Had I not lived and loved?—my lot was cast.

Would'st thou ask where the nightingale is gone,
That, melting into song her soul away,
Gave the spring-breeze that witch'd thee in its tone?—
But while she loved, she lived, in that deep lay!

Think'st thou my heart its lost one hath not found?—
Yes! we are one: oh! trust me, we have met,
Where nought again may part what love hath bound,
Where falls no tear, and whispers no regret.

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There shalt *thou* find us, there with us be blest,
If, as *our* love, *thy* love is pure and true!
There dwells my father,[1] sinless and at rest,
Where the fierce murd'rer may no more pursue.

And well he feels, no error of the dust
Drew to the stars of heaven his mortal ken,
There it is with us, even as is our trust,
He that believes, is near the holy *then*.

There shall each feeling, beautiful and high,
Keep the sweet promise of its earthly day;—
Oh! fear thou not to dream with waking eye!
There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.

THE REVELLERS.

Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
They are here—the fair face and the careless heart,
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.—
But I met a dimly mournful glance,
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh
In a pause of the thrilling melody!
And it is not well that woe should breathe
On the bright spring-flowers of the festal wreath!—
Ye that to thought or to grief belong,
Leave, leave the hall of song!

[1] Wallenstein.

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Ring, joyous chords!—but who art *thou*
With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale, young brow,
And the world of dreamy gloom that lies
In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes?
Thou hast loved, fair girl! thou hast loved too well!
Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell;
Thou hast pour'd thy heart's rich treasures forth,
And art unrepaid for their priceless worth!
Mourn on!—yet come thou not *here* the while,
It is but a pain to see thee smile!
There is not a tone in our songs for thee—
Home with thy sorrows flee!

Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again!—
But what dost thou with the revel's train?
A silvery voice through the soft air floats,
But thou hast no part in the gladd'ning notes;
There are bright young faces that pass thee by,
But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye!
Away, there's a void in thy yearning breast,
Thou weary man! wilt thou *here* find rest?
Away! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,
And the love of *thy* spirit is with the dead!
Thou art but more lone 'midst the sounds of mirth,
Back to thy silent hearth!

Ring, joyous chords!—ring forth again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!—
But *thou*, though a reckless mien be thine,
And thy cup be crown'd with the foaming wine,
By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,
By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,

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I know thee! it is but the wakeful fear
Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here!
I know thee!—thou fearest the solemn night,
With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might!
There's a tone in her voice which thou fain would'st shun,
For it asks what the secret soul hath done!
And thou—there's a dark weight on thine—away!—
Back to thy home, and pray!

Ring joyous chords!—ring out again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
And bring fresh wreaths!—we will banish all
Save the free in heart from our festive hall.
On! through the maze of the fleet dance, on!—
But where are the young and the lovely?—gone!
Where are the brows with the Red Cross crown'd,
And the floating forms with the bright zone bound?
And the waving locks and the flying feet,
That still should be where the mirthful meet?—
They are gone—they are fled—they are parted all—
Alas! the forsaken hall!

THE CONQUEROR'S SLEEP.

Sleep 'midst thy banners furl'd!
Yes! thou art there, upon thy buckler lying,
With the soft wind unfelt around thee sighing,
Thou chief of hosts, whose trumpet shakes the world!

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Sleep while the babe sleeps on its mother's breast—
Oh! strong is night—for thou too art at rest!

Stillness hath smooth'd thy brow,
And now might love keep timid vigils by thee,
Now might the foe with stealthy foot draw nigh thee
Alike unconscious and defenceless thou!
Tread lightly, watchers!—now the field is won,
Break not the rest of Nature's weary son!

Perchance some lovely dream
Back from the stormy fight thy soul is bearing,
To the green places of thy boyish daring,
And all the windings of thy native stream;—
Why, this were joy!—upon the tented plain,
Dream on, thou Conqueror!—be a child again!

But thou wilt wake at morn,
With thy strong passions to the conflict leaping,
And thy dark troubled thoughts all earth o'ersweeping;
So wilt thou rise, oh! thou of woman born!
And put thy terrors on, till none may dare
Look upon thee—the tired one, slumbering there!

Why, so the peasant sleeps
Beneath his vine!—and man must kneel before thee,
And for his birthright vainly still implore thee!
Shalt thou be stay'd because thy brother weeps?—
Wake! and forget that 'midst a dreaming world,
Thou hast lain thus, with all thy banners furl'd!

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Forget that thou, even thou,
Hast feebly shiver'd when the wind pass'd o'er thee,
And sunk to rest upon the earth which bore thee,
And felt the night-dew chill thy fever'd brow!
Wake with the trumpet, with the spear press on!
Yet shall the dust take home its mortal son.

OUR LADY'S WELL.[1]

Fount of the woods! thou art hid no more,
From heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore.
For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,
And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls;
And the dim tree-shadows across thee pass,
As the boughs are sway'd o'er thy silvery glass;
And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,
When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone;
And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain—
Bright Fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the vale! thou art sought no more
By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,
When he came from afar, his beads to tell,
And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's Well.
There is heard no *Ave* through thy bowers,
Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy water-flowers!

[1] A beautiful spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and, according to Pennant, much the resort of pilgrims.

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But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
And there may the reaper his forehead lave,
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain—
Bright Fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the Virgin's ruin'd shrine!
A voice that speaks of the past is thine!
It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh,
With the notes that ring through the laughing sky;
'Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird,
And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard!—
Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,
To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free?—
'T is all that on earth is of *Time's* domain—
He hath made thee nature's own again!

Fount of the chapel with ages grey!
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay;
Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,
And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now:
Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought;
If peace to the mourner hath here been given,
Or prayer, from a chasten'd heart, to Heaven—
Be the spot still hallow'd while Time shall reign,
Who hath made thee nature's own again!

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THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

Thou 'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad summer, fare thee well!
Thou 'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o'er this chequer'd earth,
How hast thou pass'd away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests;
To the wild deer wandering free;
And brightly, 'midst the garden flowers,
Is the happy murmuring bee:

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams;—

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To the wasted and the weary
On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound;—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footstep nought hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed:

In brief and sudden strivings
To fling a weight aside—
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar!

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be!

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THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

——"Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart."
WORDSWORTH.

SING them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight!
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar,
The songs our fathers loved!

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the banner'd wall:
The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is fill'd with plumy sheaves;
The woodman, by the starlight pale,
Cheer'd homeward through the leaves:
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,

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Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be!—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A lingering spell of love.
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer:
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts which once it stirr'd,
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices in thy household band
Shall breathe their names again;
The heathery heights in vision rise
Where, like the stag, they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved!

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THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR.

Come, while in freshness and dew it lies,
To the world that is under the free, blue skies!
Leave ye man's home, and forget his care—
There breathes no sigh on the day-spring's air.

Come to the woods, in whose mossy dells
A light all made for the poet dwells;
A light, colour'd softly by tender leaves,
Whence the primrose a mellower glow receives.

The stock-dove is there in the beechen tree,
And the lulling tone of the honey-bee;
And the voice of cool waters 'midst feathery fern,
Shedding sweet sounds from some hidden urn.

There is life, there is youth, there is tameless mirth,
Where the streams, with the lilies they wear, have birth;
There is peace where the alders are whispering low:
Come from man's dwellings with all their woe!

Yes! we will come—we will leave behind
The homes and the sorrows of human kind:
It is well to rove where the river leads
Its bright blue vein along sunny meads:

It is well through the rich wild woods to go,
And to pierce the haunts of the fawn and doe;
And to hear the gushing of gentle springs,
Where the heart has been fretted by worldly stings;

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And to watch the colours that flit and pass,
With insect-wings, through the wavy grass;
And the silvery gleams o'er the ash-tree's bark,
Borne in with a breeze through the foliage dark.

Joyous and far shall our wanderings be,
As the flight of birds o'er the glittering sea;
To the woods, to the dingles where violets blow,
We will bear no memory of earthly woe.

But if, by the forest-brook, we meet
A line like the pathway of former feet;—
If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely spot,
We reach the grey ruins of tower or cot;—

If the cell, where a hermit of old hath pray'd,
Lift up its cross through the solemn shade;—
Or if some nook, where the wild-flowers wave,
Bear token sad of a mortal grave,—

Doubt not but *there* will our steps be stay'd,
There our quick spirits awhile delay'd;
There will thought fix our impatient eyes,
And win back our hearts to their sympathies.

For what, though the mountains and skies be fair,
Steep'd in soft hues of the Summer-air,—
'Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and dreams,
That lights up all nature with living gleams.

Where it hath suffer'd and nobly striven,
Where it hath pour'd forth its vows to heaven;
Where to repose it hath brightly pass'd,
O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

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And by that soul, 'midst groves and rills,
And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,
Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod,
We, only *we*, may be link'd to God!

KINDRED HEARTS.

Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow:
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be, that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns:
It may be, that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
A dream, to him unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night,
The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill,—

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These may have language all thine own,
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watch'd through sickness by thy bed,—
Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given,—
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto Heaven

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

In sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood;
The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth!

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He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
A low mysterious tone;
A music sought, but never found
By kings and warriors gone;
He listen'd—and his heart beat high—
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
Rush'd burning through his frame,—
The depths of that green solitude
Its torrents could not tame;
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile—
Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars:—across his soul
There swept a sudden change;
E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal
A shadow dark and strange
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
O'er triumph's hour—*and is this all?*[1]

[1] A remarkable description of feelings thus fluctuating from triumph to despondency, is given in Bruce's Abyssinian Travels. The buoyant exultation of his spirits on arriving at the source of the Nile, was almost immediately succeeded by a gloom, which he thus portrays:—"I was, at that very moment, in possession of what had for many years been the principal object of my ambition and wishes; indifference, which, from the usual infirmity of human nature, follows, at least for a time, complete enjoyment, had taken place of it. The marsh and the fountains of the Nile, upon comparison with the rise of many of our rivers, became now a trifling object in my sight. I remembered that magnificent scene in my own native country, where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan, rise in one hill. I began, in my sorrow, to treat the enquiry about the source of the Nile as a violent effort of a distempered fancy."

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No more than this!—what seem'd it *now*
First by that spring to stand?
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own mountain land!
Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,
Their wild, sweet voices call'd him back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,
His childhood's haunt of play,
Where brightly through the beechen shade
Their waters glanced away;
They call'd him, with their sounding waves,
Back to his father's hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the thought
Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
With all that lay between;
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and pride?
The spirit born to roam?
His alter'd heart within him died
With yearnings for his home!
All vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
Beheld his bursting tears,
E'en on that spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years!—
Oh, happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

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CASABIANCA.[1]

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his Father's word;
That Father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud:—"Say, Father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

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[1] Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

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Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My Father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing which perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart!

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THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.[1]

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

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[1] This dial was, I believe, formed by Linnæus, and marked the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it.

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Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

OUR DAILY PATHS.[1]

"Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

WORDSWORTH.

THERE's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise;

[1] This little poem derives an additional interest, from being affectingly associated with a name no less distinguished than that of the late Mr. Dugald Stewart. The admiration he always expressed for Mrs. Hemans's poetry, was mingled with regret that she so generally made choice of melancholy subjects; and on one occasion, he sent her, through a mutual friend, a message suggestive of his wish that she would employ her fine talents in giving more consolatory views of the ways of Providence, thus infusing comfort and cheer into the bosoms of her readers, in a spirit of Christian philosophy, which, he thought, would be more consonant with the pious mind and loving heart displayed in

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We may find it where a hedge-row showers its
blossoms o'er our way,
Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last red
light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear beneath
an aged tree,
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass, borne down-
wards by the bee;
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen
stems is thrown,
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses
green and lone.

---

every line she wrote, than dwelling on what was painful and depressing, however beautifully and touchingly such subjects might be treated of. This message was faithfully transmitted, and almost by return of post, Mrs. Hemans (who was then residing in Wales), sent to the kind friend to whom it had been forwarded, the poem of "Our Daily Paths," requesting it might be given to Mr. Stewart, with an assurance of her gratitude for the interest he took in her writings, and alleging as the reason of the mournful strain which pervaded them, "that a cloud hung over her life which she could not always rise above."

The letter reached Mr. Stewart just as he was stepping into the carriage, to leave his country-residence (Kinneil House, the property of the Duke of Hamilton) for Edinburgh—the last time, alas! his presence was ever to gladden that happy home, as his valuable life was closed very shortly afterward. The poem was read to him by his daughter on his way to Edinburgh, and he expressed himself in the highest degree charmed and gratified with the result of his suggestions; and some of the lines which pleased him more particularly were often repeated to him during the few remaining weeks of his life.

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We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross
the cold, blue sky,
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencill'd
shadows lie,
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-
work bound,
Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of
crystals to the ground.

Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths—but sorrow
too is there;
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still
summer air!
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the
joyous things,
That through the leafy places glance on many-
colour'd wings.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy wood-
land shades,
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in
the glades;
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's
plaintive tone
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter
gone.

But are we free to do even thus—to wander as we
will—
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the
breezy hill?

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No! in our daily paths lie cares, that ofttimes bind us fast,
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violet dingles, back,
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track;
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time, hope, and mirth,
And weigh our burden'd spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be?—Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield!
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field!
A sweeter by the birds of heaven—which tell us, in their flight,
Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?
Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace;
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies!

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THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS.

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb:
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom;
And his bow lay unstrung, beneath the mound
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,
Telling the cedars and the pines that there
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
Now all was hush'd—and eve's last splendour shone
With a rich sadness on th' attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
And he, too, paused in reverence by that grave,
Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
Between the forest and the lake's bright wave;
Till, as a wind might stir a wither'd oak,
On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said—
"I listen'd for the words, which, years ago,
Pass'd o'er these waters: though the voice is fled
Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,
Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,
Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

"Ask'st thou of him whose house is lone beneath?
I was an eagle in my youthful pride,

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When o'er the seas he came, with summer's breath,
To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.
Many the times of flowers have been since then—
Many, but bringing nought like *him* again!

"Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came,
O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe;
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
Laying their cedars, like the corn-stalks, low;
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladd'ning our souls, as with the morning's wings.

"Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,
I and my brethren that from earth are gone,
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet
Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone?
He told of one, the grave's dark bands who broke,
And our hearts burn'd within us as he spoke.

"He told of far and sunny lands, which lie
Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell:
Bright must they be!—for *there* are none that die,
And none that weep, and none that say 'Farewell!'
He came to guide us thither; but away
The Happy call'd him, and he might not stay.

"We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,
For the fresh waters of that lovely clime;
Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,
And on his gleaming hair no touch of time—
Therefore we hoped:—but now the lake looks dim,
For the green summer comes—and finds not him!

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"We gather'd round him in the dewy hour
Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree;
From his clear voice, at first, the words of power
Came low, like moanings of a distant sea;
But swell'd and shook the wilderness ere long,
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

"And then once more they trembled on his tongue,
And his white eyelids flutter'd, and his head
Fell back, and mist upon his forehead hung—
Know'st thou not how we pass to join the dead?
It is enough!—he sank upon my breast—
Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest!

"We buried him where he was wont to pray,
By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide;
We rear'd this Cross in token where he lay,
For on the Cross, he said, his Lord had died!
Now hath he surely reach'd, o'er mount and wave,
That flowery land whose green turf hides no grave.

"But I am sad!—I mourn the clear light taken
Back from my people, o'er whose place it shone,
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,
And the true words forgotten, save by one,
Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,
Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast."

Then spoke the wand'rer forth with kindling eye:
"Son of the wilderness! despair thou not,
Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,
And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot!

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Heaven darkly works—yet, where the seed hath been
There shall the fruitage, glowing yet, be seen.

"Hope on, hope ever!—by the sudden springing
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long;
And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,
After cold silent months, the woods among;
And by the rending of the frozen chains,
Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains;

"Deem not the words of light that here were spoken,
But as a lovely song, to leave no trace:
Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy hills be broken,
And the full day-spring rise upon thy race!
And fading mists the better path disclose,
And the wide desert blossom as the rose."

So by the Cross they parted, in the wild,
Each fraught with musings for life's after-day,
Memories to visit *one*, the forest's child,
By many a blue stream in its lonely way;
And upon *one*, 'midst busy throngs to press
Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of holiness.

LAST RITES.

By the mighty minster's bell,
Tolling with a sudden swell;
By the colours half-mast high,
O'er the sea hung mournfully;
Know, a prince hath died!

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By the drum's dull muffled sound,
By the arms that sweep the ground,
By the volleying muskets' tone,
Speak ye of a soldier gone
In his manhood's pride.

By the chanted psalm that fills
Reverently the ancient hills,[1]
Learn, that from his harvests done,
Peasants bear a brother on
To his last repose.

By the pall of snowy white
Through the yew-trees gleaming bright;
By the garland on the bier,
Weep! a maiden claims thy tear—
Broken is the rose!

Which is the tenderest rite of all?—
Buried virgin's coronal,
Requiem o'er the monarch's head,
Farewell gun for warrior dead,
Herdsman's funeral hymn?

Tells not each of human woe!
Each of hope and strength brought low?
Number each with holy things,
If one chastening thought it brings
Ere life's day grow dim!

[1] A custom still retained at rural funerals in some parts of England and Wales.

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THE HEBREW MOTHER.

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the Temple service:—by the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God. So pass'd they on
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest:
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,
Making its bank green gems along the wild,
There, too, she linger'd, from the diamond wave
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow. At last the fane was reach'd,
The earth's one sanctuary—and rapture hush'd
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light like floating gold. But when that hour

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Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear
Turn'd from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
Clung even as joy clings—the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swell'd high, and o'er her child
Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.—"Alas!" she cried,—

"Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me;
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes;
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me;
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing
So late, along the mountains, at my side?
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

"And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turn'd from its door away?
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill?

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"Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn;
Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

"And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my child!—Will *He* not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?
Shall He not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill thy dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.

"I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness, to my heart!
And, precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child.

"Therefore, farewell!—I go, my soul may fail me,
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks.
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me;
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength.—Farewell!"

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THE WRECK.

All night the booming minute-gun
Had peal'd along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep.
A barque from India's coral strand,
Before the raging blast,
Had vail'd her topsails to the sand,
And bow'd her noble mast.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her!—
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer.
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas—
Her anchor gone, her deck uptorn—
And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away,—
The rocks with pearls were sown,
And strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flash'd out o'er fretted stone.
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze;
And gorgeous robes—but oh! that shore
Had sadder things than these!

We saw the strong man still and low,
A crush'd reed thrown aside;
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died.

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And near him on the sea-weed lay—
Till then we had not wept—
But well our gushing hearts might say
That there a *mother* slept!

For her pale arms a babe had press'd
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dash'd o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp.
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet long streamers hung
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
Gleam'd up the boy's dead face,
Like slumber's, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut violet-eye—
He had known little of her dread,
Nought of her agony!

Oh! human love, whose yearning heart
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part
Its passionate adieu—
Surely thou hast another lot:
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, rememb'ring not
The moaning of the sea!

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THE TRUMPET.

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land—
Light up the beacon-pyre!—
A hundred hills have seen the brand,
And waved the sign of fire.
A hundred banners to the breeze,
Their gorgeous folds have cast—
And, hark! was that the sound of seas?
A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth;
The mourner hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth.
The mother on her first-born son,
Looks with a boding eye—
They come not back, though all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side;
E'en for the marriage altar crown'd,
The lover quits his bride.
And all this haste, and change, and fear,
By *earthly* clarion spread!—
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead?

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EVENING PRAYER,

AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

"Now in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not;
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be,
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee."

BERNARD BARTON.

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,
With all their clust'ring locks, untouch'd by care,
And bow'd, as flowers are bow'd with night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely!—Childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought—
Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?—
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

O! joyous creatures! that will sink to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew opprest,
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

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Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain!
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray;

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake—O! happy to have given
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

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THE HOUR OF DEATH.

"Il est dans la Nature d'aimer à se livrer à l'idée même qu'on redoute."
Corinne.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

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We know when moons shall wane,
When Summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee!

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

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THE LOST PLEIAD.

"Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below."—Byron.

And is there glory from the heavens departed?—
O void unmark'd!—thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye!

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence—
No desert seems to part those urns of light,
'Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning—
The shepherd greets them on his mountains free·
And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—
Unchanged they rise, they have not mourn'd for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
Even as a dew-drop from the myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?—
Bow'd be our hearts to think on what *we* are,
When from its height afar
A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanish'd star!

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THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

"The inviolate Island of the sage and free."—Byron.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
  Your crested heights array,
And rise ye like a fortress proud,
  Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
  Breasting the billow's foam:
O! thus for ever guard the land,
  The sever'd land of home!

I have left rich blue skies behind,
  Lighting up classic shrines;
And music in the southern wind;
  And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
  Have floated o'er my way;
The pilgrim's voice, at vesper-hours,
  Hath soothed me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
  The purple heavens of Rome,—
Yes, all are glorious;—yet again
  I bless thee, land of home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land!
  And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band,
  That make thee holy earth.

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Their voices meet me in thy breeze;
Their steps are on thy plains;
Their names, by old majestic trees,
Are whisper'd round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea:
O be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee!

THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

The kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green, along the ocean side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy *nameless* martyrs rest!

The thousands that, uncheer'd by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake,
Resign'd the bitter cup to take;
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth?—by no proud stone
Their narrow couch of rest is known;
The still sad glory of their name
Hallows no mountain unto Fame;

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No—not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strew'd
The ashes of that multitude:
It may be that each day we tread,
Where thus devoted hearts have bled;
And the young flowers our children sow,
Take root in holy dust below.

O that the many-rustling leaves,
Which round our homes the summer weaves,
Or that the streams, in whose glad voice
Our own familiar paths rejoice,
Might whisper through the starry sky,
To tell where those blest slumberers lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be still'd,
With knowledge of their presence fill'd,
And by its breathings taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice?
—But the old woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those hidden graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
So let it be!—like him, whose clay
Deep buried by his Maker lay,
They sleep in secret,—but their sod,
Unknown to man, is mark'd of God!

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THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

"Pregar, pregar, pregar,
Ch' altro ponno i mortali al pianger nati!"

ALFIERI.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Call'd thy harvest work to leave—
Pray: ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea!
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

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THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL.

"Von Bäumen, aus Wellen, aus Mauern,
Wie ruft es dir freundich und lind;
Was hast du zu wandern, zu trauern?
Komm' spielen, du freundliches Kind!"

LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

O! WHEN wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?

The Summer-birds are calling
Thy household porch around,
And the merry waters falling
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-vein'd flowers,
From their banks of moss and fern,
Breathe of the sunny hours—
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wander'd long
From thy home without a guide;
And thy native woodland song,
In thine alter'd heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy Spring;
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing.

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But when wilt thou return?—
Sweet dews may freshen soon
The flower, within whose urn
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

O'er the image of the sky,
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,
Darkly may shadows lie—
But not for evermore.

Give back thy heart again
To the freedom of the woods,
To the birds' triumphant strain,
To the mountain solitudes!

But when wilt thou return?
Along thine own pure air,
There are young sweet voices borne—
Oh! should not thine be there?

Still at thy father's board
There is kept a place for thee;
And, by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,
Thy coming step to greet,
A look of days gone by,
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,
For thee kind bosoms yearn,
For thee fond tears are shed—
Oh! when wilt thou return?

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THE WAKENING.

How many thousands are wakening now!
Some to the songs from the forest-bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some far out on the deep mid-sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some—O! well may *their* hearts rejoice—
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice!
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp, to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict-cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning-bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
When the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the din from the city borne,
And some to the rolling of torrent-floods,
Far 'midst old mountains and solemn woods.

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So are we roused on this chequer'd earth:
Each unto light hath a daily birth;
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Are the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But *one* must the sound be, and *one* the call,
Which from the dust shall awaken us all:
One!—but to sever'd and distant dooms.
How shall the sleepers arise from the tombs?

THE BREEZE FROM SHORE.

"Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life."

CHANNING.

Joy is upon the lonely seas,
When Indian forests pour
Forth, to the billow and the breeze,
Their odours from the shore;
Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh
Bears on the breath of Araby.

O! welcome are the winds that tell
A wand'rer of the deep,
Where, far away, the jasmines dwell,
And where the myrrh-trees weep!
Blest, on the sounding surge and foam,
Are tidings of the citron's home!

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The sailor at the helm they meet,
And hope his bosom stirs,
Upspringing, 'midst the waves, to greet
The fair earth's messengers,
That woo him, from the moaning main,
Back to her glorious bowers again.

They woo him, whispering lovely tales
Of many a flowering glade,
And fount's bright gleam, in inland vales
Of golden-fruited shade:
Across his lone ship's wake they bring
A vision and a glow of Spring.

And O! ye masters of the lay,
Come not even thus your songs
That meet us on life's weary way,
Amidst her toiling throngs?
Yes! o'er the spirit thus they bear
A current of celestial air.

Their power is from the brighter clime
That in our birth hath part;
Their tones are of the world, which time
Sears not within the heart:
They tell us of the living light
In its green places ever bright.

They call us, with a voice divine,
Back to our early love,—
Our vows of youth at many a shrine,
Whence far and fast we rove.
Welcome high thought and holy strain
That make us Truth's and Heaven's again!

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THE DYING IMPROVISATORE.[1]

"My heart shall be pour'd over thee — and break."
Prophecy of Dante.

The spirit of my land,
It visits me once more!—though I must die
Far from the myrtles which thy breeze hath fann'd,
My own bright Italy!

It is, it is thy breath,
Which stirs my soul e'en yet, as wavering flame
Is shaken by the wind;—in life and death
Still trembling, yet the same!

Oh! that love's quenchless power
Might waft my voice to fill thy summer sky,
And through thy groves its dying music shower
Italy! Italy!

The nightingale is there,
The sunbeam's glow, the citron-flower's perfume,
The south-wind's whisper in the scented air—
It will not pierce the tomb!

Never, oh! never more,
On my Rome's purple heaven mine eye shall dwell,
Or watch the bright waves melt along thy shore—
My Italy! farewell!

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[1] Sestini, the Roman Improvisatore, when on his death-bed at Paris, is said to have poured forth a Farewell to Italy, in his most impassioned poetry.

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Alas!—thy hills among,
Had I but left a memory of my name,
Of love and grief one deep, true, fervent song,
Unto immortal fame!

But like a lute's brief tone,
Like a rose-odour on the breezes cast,
Like a swift flush of dayspring, seen and gone,
So hath my spirit pass'd—

Pouring itself away
As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns
That which within him triumphs, beats, or burns,
Into a fleeting lay;

That swells, and floats, and dies,
Leaving no echo to the summer woods
Of the rich breathings and impassion'd sighs,
Which thrill'd their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me!
Friends! that upon its murmurs oft have hung,
When from my bosom, joyously and free,
The fiery fountain sprung.

Under the dark rich blue
Of midnight heavens, and on the star-lit sea,
And when woods kindle into Spring's first hue,
Sweet friends! remember me!

And in the marble halls,
Where life's full glow the dreams of beauty wear,
And poet-thoughts embodied light the walls,
Let me be with you there!

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Fain would I bind, for you,
My memory with all glorious things to dwell;
Fain bid all lovely sounds my name renew—
Sweet friends! bright land! farewell!

MUSIC OF YESTERDAY.

"O! mein Geist, ich fühle es in mir, strebt nach etwas Ueberirdischem, das keinem Menschem gegönnt ist." — TIECK.

THE chord, the harp's full chord is hush'd,
The voice hath died away,
Whence music, like sweet waters, gush'd,
But yesterday.

Th' awakening note, the breeze-like swell,
The full o'ersweeping tone,
The sounds that sigh'd "Farewell, farewell!"
Are gone—all gone!

The love, whose fervent spirit pass'd
With the rich measure's flow;
The grief, to which it sank at last—
Where are they now?

They are with the scents, by Summer's breath
Borne from a rose now shed:
With the words from lips long seal'd in death—
For ever fled.

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The sea-shell, of its native deep
A moaning thrill retains;
But earth and air no record keep
Of parted strains.

And all the memories, all the dreams,
They woke in floating by;
The tender thoughts, th' Elysian gleams—
Could these too die?

They died—as on the water's breast
The ripple melts away,
When the breeze that stirr'd it sinks to rest—
So perish'd they!

Mysterious in their sudden birth,
And mournful in their close,
Passing, and finding not on earth
Aim or repose.

Whence were they?—like the breath of flowers
Why thus to come and go?
A long, long journey must be ours
Ere this we know!

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THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

"Was mir fehlt?—Mir fehlt ja alles,
Bin so ganz verlassen hier!"
Tyrolese Melody.

THE Hearth, the Hearth is desolate, the fire is quench'd and gone
That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone;
The place where mirth and music met is hush'd through day and night.
Oh! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that there made light!

But scatter'd are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,
Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more.
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's joy or mirth,
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas! the lonely Hearth!

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung.
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone,—
The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate, the bright fire quench'd and gone.

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But *are* they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee?
Those voices, are they lovely still, still sweet on earth or sea?—
Oh! some are hush'd, and some are changed, and never shall one strain
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again!

And of the hearts that here were link'd by long-remember'd years,
Alas! the brother knows not now when fall the sister's tears!
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone,
For broken is the household chain, the bright fire quench'd and gone!

Not so—'tis *not* a broken chain—thy memory binds them still,
Thou holy Hearth of other days, though silent now and chill!
The smiles, the tears, the rites beheld by thine attesting stone,
Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The father's voice, the mother's prayer, though call'd from earth away,
With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway;
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,
Though the loved Hearth be desolate, the bright fire quench'd and gone!

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THE DREAMER.

"There is no such thing as *forgetting*, possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; but alike, whether veil'd or unveil'd, the inscription remains for ever."
English Opium-Eater.

"Thou hast been call'd, O Sleep! the friend of woe,
But 't is the *happy* who have call'd thee so."
SOUTHEY.

PEACE to thy dreams!—thou art slumbering now,
The moonlight's calm is upon thy brow;
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast
Lies 'midst the hush of thy heart at rest,
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,
When eve through the woodlands hath sigh'd farewell.

Peace!—the sad memories that through the day
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay,
The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,
That bow'd thee as winds bow the willow's head,
The yearnings for faces and voices gone—
All are forgotten!—Sleep on, sleep on!

Are they forgotten?—It is not so!
Slumber divides not the heart from its woe.
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,
Like lights and shades over wavy grass:
Tremblest thou, Dreamer?—O love and grief!
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up leaf!

On thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,
As on a lyre ere its chords are still;

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On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye,
There's a large tear gathering heavily;
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit press'd—
Sorrowful Dreamer! this is not rest!

It is Thought at work amidst buried hours,
It is Love keeping vigil o'er perish'd flowers.—
Oh! we bear within us mysterious things;
Of Memory and Anguish, unfathom'd springs;
And Passion—those gulfs of the heart to fill
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still.

Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,
Flinging the peace of our couch away!
Well might we look on our souls in fear,
They find no fount of oblivion here!
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—
How know we if under the wings of death?

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE.

"Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."——*Psalm* lv.

Oh! for thy wings, thou dove!
Now sailing by with sunshine on thy breast;
That, borne like thee above,
I too might flee away, and be at rest!

Where wilt thou fold those plumes,
Bird of the forest-shadows, holiest bird?
In what rich leafy glooms,
By the sweet voice of hidden waters stirr'd?

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Over what blessed home,
What roof with dark, deep Summer foliage crown'd,
O! fair as ocean's foam!
Shall thy bright bosom shed a gleam around?

Or seek'st thou some old shrine
Of nymph or saint, no more by votary woo'd,
Though still, as if divine,
Breathing a spirit o'er the solitude?

Yet wherefore ask thy way?
Blest, ever blest, whate'er its aim, thou art!
Unto the greenwood spray,
Bearing no dark remembrance at thy heart!

No echoes that will blend
A sadness with the whispers of the grove;
No memory of a friend
Far off, or dead, or changed to thee, thou dove!

Oh! to some cool recess
Take, take me with thee on the summer wind,
Leaving the weariness
And all the fever of this life behind:

The aching and the void
Within the heart, whereunto none reply,
The young bright hopes destroy'd—
Bird! bear me with thee through the sunny sky!

Wild wish, and longing vain,
And brief upspringing to be glad and free!
Go to thy woodland reign:
My soul is bound and held—I may not flee.

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For even by all the fears
And thoughts that haunt my dreams—untold, unknown
And burning woman's tears,
Pour'd from mine eyes in silence and alone;

Had I thy wings, thou dove!
High 'midst the gorgeous isles of cloud to soar,
Soon the strong cords of love
Would draw me earthwards—homewards—yet once more.

PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRS TO THE ISLAND OF PLEASURE.[1]

"Souvent l'âme, fortifiée par la contemplation des choses divines, voudroit déployer ses ailes vers le ciel. Elle croit qu'au terme de sa carrière un rideau va se lever pour lui découvrir des scènes de lumière: mais quand la mort touche son corps périssable, elle jette un regard en arrière vers les plaisirs terrestres et vers ses compagnes mortelles."

SCHLEGEL, *translated by* MADAME DE STAEL.

FEARFULLY and mournfully
Thou bidd'st the earth farewell,
And yet thou 'rt passing, loveliest one!
In a brighter land to dwell.

Ascend, ascend rejoicing!
The sunshine of that shore
Around thee, as a glorious robe,
Shall stream for evermore.

[1] Written for a picture in which Psyche, on her flight upwards, is represented looking back sadly and anxiously to the earth.

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The breezy music wandering
There through th' Elysian sky,
Hath no deep tone that seems to float
From a happier time gone by.

And there the day's last crimson
Gives no sad memories birth,
No thought of dead or distant friends,
Or partings—as on earth.

Yet fearfully and mournfully
Thou bidd'st that earth farewell,
Although thou 'rt passing, loveliest one!
In a brighter land to dwell.

A land where all is deathless—
The sunny wave's repose,
The wood with its rich melodies,
The summer and its rose.

A land that sees no parting,
That hears no sound of sighs,
That waits thee with immortal air—
Lift, lift those anxious eyes!

Oh! how like *thee*, thou trembler!
Man's spirit fondly clings
With timid love, to this, its world
Of old familiar things!

We pant, we thirst for fountains
That gush not here below!
On, on we toil, allured by dreams
Of the living water's flow:

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We pine for kindred natures
To mingle with our own;
For communings more full and high
Than aught by mortal known:

We strive with brief aspirings
Against our bonds in vain;
Yet summon'd to be free at last,
We shrink—and clasp our chain;

And fearfully and mournfully
We bid the earth farewell,
Though passing from its mists, like thee,
In a brighter world to dwell.

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

"Many things answered me."—*Manfred.*

I go, I go!—and must mine image fade
From the green spots wherein my childhood play'd,
By my own streams?
Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met
In grief or glee?
All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust in days gone by,
Pour'd full and free?

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A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
For evermore!
Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
Set deep that thought!
And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
And let the Spring's first whisper, faint and low,
With me be fraught!

And memory answer'd me:—"Wild wish and vain!
I have no hues the loveliest to detain
In the heart's core.
The place they held in bosoms all their own,
Soon with new shadows fill'd, new flowers o'ergrown,
Is theirs no more."

Hast *thou* such power, O Love?—And love replied,
"It is not mine! Pour out thy soul's full tide
Of hope and trust,
Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—
'Tis but to write with the heart's fiery rain,
Wild words on dust!"

Song, is the gift with thee?—I ask a lay,
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away
From the still breast;
Fill'd with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame,
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name,
Where it would rest.

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And Song made answer—"It is not in me,
Though call'd immortal; though my gifts may be
All but divine..
A place of lonely brightness I can give:
A changeless one, where thou with Love wouldst live—
This is not mine!"

Death, Death! wilt *thou* the restless wish fulfil?
And Death, the Strong One, spoke:—"I can but still
Each vain regret.
What if forgotten?—All thy soul would crave,
Thou too, within the mantle of the grave,
Wilt soon forget."

Then did my heart in lone faint sadness die,
As from all nature's voices one reply,
But one—was given.
"Earth has *no* heart, fond dreamer! with a tone
To send thee back the spirit of thine own—
Seek it in Heaven."

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DARTMOOR.

A PRIZE POEM.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime.
Thy handmaid, Art, shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.

CAMPBELL.

May ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts,
That can perceive, not less than heretofore
Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,
——————————— the charm
Of pious sentiment, diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.

WORDSWORTH.

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DARTMOOR.

Amidst the peopled and the regal Isle,
Whose vales, rejoicing in their beauty, smile;
Whose cities, fearless of the spoiler, tower,
And send on every breeze a voice of power;
Hath Desolation rear'd herself a throne,
And mark'd a pathless region for her own?
Yes! though thy turf no stain of carnage wore,
When bled the noble hearts of many a shore,
Though not a hostile step thy heath-flowers bent,
When empires totter'd, and the earth was rent;
Yet lone, as if some trampler of mankind
Had still'd life's busy murmurs on the wind,
And, flush'd with power in daring pride's excess,
Stamp'd on thy soil the curse of barrenness;
For thee in vain descend the dews of heaven,
In vain the sunbeam and the shower are given;
Wild Dartmoor! thou that, 'midst thy mountains rude,
Hast robed thyself with haughty solitude,
As a dark cloud on summer's clear blue sky,
A mourner, circled with festivity!
For all beyond is life!—the rolling sea,
The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach not thee.
Yet who shall find a scene so wild and bare,
But man has left his lingering traces there?

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E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless plains,
Where noon with attributes of midnight reigns,
In gloom and silence, fearfully profound,
As of a world unwaked to soul or sound;
Though the sad wand'rer of the burning zone
Feels, as amidst infinity, alone,
And nought of life be near; his camel's tread
Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead!
Some column, rear'd by long-forgotten hands,
Just lifts its head above the billowy sands—
Some mouldering shrine still consecrates the scene,
And tells that glory's footstep there hath been.
There hath the spirit of the mighty pass'd,
Not without record; though the desert blast,
Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept away
The proud creations rear'd to brave decay.
But *thou*, lone region! whose unnoticed name
No lofty deeds have mingled with their fame,
Who shall unfold thine annals?—who shall tell
If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,
In those far ages, which have left no trace,
No sunbeam, on the pathway of their race?
Though, haply, in the unrecorded days
Of kings and chiefs, who pass'd without their praise,
Thou might'st have rear'd the valiant and the free;
In history's page there is no tale of thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild
Still rise the cairns of yore, all rudely piled, (1)
But hallow'd by that instinct which reveres
Things fraught with characters of elder years.

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And such are these. Long centuries are flown,
Bow'd many a crest, and shatter'd many a throne,
Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,
With what they hide—their shrined and treasured dust;
Men traverse Alps and oceans, to behold
Earth's glorious works fast mingling with her mould;
But still these nameless chronicles of death,
'Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled heath,
Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
The same sepulchral mien, and almost share
Th' eternity of nature, with the forms
Of the crown'd hills beyond, the dwellings of the storms.

Yet, what avails it, if each moss-grown heap
Still on the waste its lonely vigils keep,
Guarding the dust which slumbers well beneath
(Nor needs such care) from each cold season's breath?
Where is the voice to tell *their* tale who rest,
Thus rudely pillow'd on the desert's breast?
Doth the sword sleep beside them? Hath there been
A sound of battle 'midst the silent scene
Where now the flocks repose?—did the scythed car
Here reap its harvest in the ranks of war?
And rise these piles in memory of the slain,
And the red combat of the mountain-plain?

It may be thus:—the vestiges of strife,
Around yet lingering, mark the steps of life,
And the rude arrow's barb remains to tell (2)
How by its stroke, perchance, the mighty fell

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To be forgotten. Vain the warrior's pride,
The chieftain's power—they had no bard, and died. (3)
But other scenes, from their untroubled sphere,
The eternal stars of night have witness'd here.
There stands an altar of unsculptured stone, (4)
Far on the moor, a thing of ages gone,
Propp'd on its granite pillars, whence the rains,
And pure bright dews, have laved the crimson stains
Left by dark rites of blood: for here, of yore,
When the bleak waste a robe of forest wore,
And many a crested oak, which now lies low,
Waved its wild wreath of sacred mistletoe;
Here, at dead midnight, through the haunted shade,
On Druid-harps the quivering moonbeam play'd,
And spells were breathed, that fill'd the deepening gloom
With the pale, shadowy people of the tomb.
Or, haply, torches waving through the night,
Bade the red cairn-fires blaze from every height, (5)
Like battle-signals, whose unearthly gleams
Threw o'er the desert's hundred hills and streams,
A savage grandeur; while the starry skies
Rung with the peal of mystic harmonies,
As the loud harp its deep-toned hymns sent forth
To the storm-ruling powers, the war-gods of the North.

But wilder sounds were there; th' imploring cry
That woke the forest's echo in reply,
But not the heart's!—Unmoved, the wizard train
Stood round their human victim, and in vain
His prayer for mercy rose; in vain his glance
Look'd up, appealing to the blue expanse,

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Where, in their calm, immortal beauty, shone
Heaven's cloudless orbs. With faint and fainter moan,
Bound on the shrine of sacrifice he lay,
Till, drop by drop, life's current ebb'd away;
Till rock and turf grew deeply, darkly red,
And the pale moon gleam'd paler on the dead.
Have such things been, and here?—where stillness dwells
'Midst the rude barrows and the moorland swells,
Thus undisturb'd?—Oh! long the gulf of time
Hath closed in darkness o'er those days of crime,
And earth no vestige of their path retains,
Save such as these, which strew her loneliest plains
With records of man's conflicts and his doom,
His spirit and his dust—the altar and the tomb.

But ages roll'd away; and England stood,
With her proud banner streaming o'er the flood;
And with a lofty calmness in her eye,
And regal in collected majesty,
To breast the storm of battle. Every breeze
Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue seas;
And other lands, redeem'd and joyous, drank
The life-blood of her heroes, as they sank
On the red fields they won; whose wild flowers wave
Now, in luxuriant beauty, o'er their grave.

'T was then the captives of Britannia's war, (6)
Here for their lovely southern climes afar
In bondage pined: the spell-deluded throng
Dragg'd at ambition's chariot-wheels so long
To die—because a despot could not clasp
A sceptre, fitted to his boundless grasp!

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Yes! they whose march had rock'd the ancient thrones
And temples of the world; the deepening tones
Of whose advancing trumpet, from repose
Had startled nations, wakening to their woes;
Were prisoners here.—And there were some whose dreams
Were of sweet homes, by chainless mountain-streams,
And of the vine-clad hills, and many a strain,
And festal melody of Loire or Seine,
And of those mothers who had watch'd and wept,
When on the field the unshelter'd conscript slept,
Bathed with the midnight dews. And some were there
Of sterner spirits, harden'd by despair;
Who, in their stern imaginings, again
Fired the rich palace and the stately fane,
Drank in the victim's shriek, as music's breath,
And lived o'er scenes, the festivals of death!

And there was mirth, too!—strange and savage mirth,
More fearful far than all the woes of earth!
The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs that spring
From minds for which there is no sacred thing,
And transient bursts of fierce, exulting glee—
The lightning's flash upon its blasted tree!

But still, howe'er the soul's disguise were worn,
If, from wild revelry, or haughty scorn,
Or buoyant hope, it won an outward show,
Slight was the mask, and all beneath it—woe.

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Yet, was this all?—amidst the dungeon-gloom,
The void, the stillness, of the captive's doom,
Were there no deeper thoughts?—And that dark power,
To whom guilt owes one late but dreadful hour,
The mighty debt through years of crime delay'd,
But, as the grave's, inevitably paid;
Came *he* not thither, in his burning force,
The lord, the tamer of dark souls—remorse?

Yes! as the night calls forth from sea and sky,
From breeze and wood, a solemn harmony,
Lost, when the swift, triumphant wheels of day,
In light and sound, are hurrying on their way:
Thus, from the deep recesses of the heart,
The voice which sleeps, but never dies, might start,
Call'd up by solitude, each nerve to thrill
With accents heard not, save when all is still.

The voice, inaudible when havoc's train
Crush'd the red vintage of devoted Spain;
Mute, when sierras to the war-whoop rung,
And the broad light of conflagration sprung
From the south's marble cities;—hush'd 'midst cries
That told the heavens of mortal agonies;
But gathering silent strength, to wake at last
In concentrated thunders of the past!

And there, perchance, some long-bewilder'd mind,
Torn from its lowly sphere, its path confined
Of village duties, in the Alpine glen,
Where nature cast its lot, 'midst peasant-men;
Drawn to that vortex, whose fierce ruler blent
The earthquake power of each wild element,

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To lend the tide, which bore his throne on high,
One impulse more of desperate energy;
Might—when the billow's awful rush was o'er,
Which toss'd its wreck upon the storm-beat shore,
Won from its wanderings past, by suffering tried,
Search'd by remorse, by anguish purified—
Have fix'd, at length, its troubled hopes and fears,
On the far world, seen brightest through our tears,
And, in that hour of triumph or despair,
Whose secrets all must learn—but none declare,
When, of the things to come, a deeper sense
Fills the dim eye of trembling penitence,
Have turn'd to Him whose bow is in the cloud,
Around life's limits gathering, as a shroud;—
The fearful mysteries of the heart who knows,
And, by the tempest, lulls it to repose!

Who visited that deathbed?—Who can tell
Its brief sad tale, on which the soul might dwell,
And learn immortal lessons?—who beheld
The struggling hope, by shame, by doubt repell'd—
The agony of prayer—the bursting tears—
The dark remembrances of guilty years,
Crowding upon the spirit in their might?
He, through the storm who look'd, and there was light!

That scene is closed!—that wild, tumultuous breast,
With all its pangs and passions, is at rest!
He, too, is fallen, the master-power of strife,
Who woke those passions to delirious life;
And days, prepared a brighter course to run,
Unfold their buoyant pinions to the sun!

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It is a glorious hour when Spring goes forth
O'er the bleak mountains of the shadowy north,
And with one radiant glance, one magic breath,
Wakes all things lovely from the sleep of death;
While the glad voices of a thousand streams,
Bursting their bondage, triumph in her beams!

But *Peace* hath nobler changes! O'er the mind,
The warm and living spirit of mankind,
Her influence breathes, and bids the blighted heart,
To life and hope from desolation start!
She, with a look, dissolves the captive's chain,
Peopling with beauty widow'd homes again;
Around the mother, in her closing years,
Gathering her sons once more, and from the tears
Of the dim past, but winning purer light,
To make the present more serenely bright.

Nor rests that influence here. From clime to clime,
In silence gliding with the stream of time,
Still doth it spread, borne onwards, as a breeze
With healing on its wings, o'er isles and seas:
And, as Heaven's breath call'd forth, with genial power,
From the dry wand, the almond's living flower;
So doth its deep-felt charm in secret move
The coldest heart to gentle deeds of love;
While round its pathway nature softly glows,
And the wide desert blossoms as the rose.

Yes! let the waste lift up the exulting voice!
Let the far-echoing solitude rejoice!

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And thou, lone moor! where no blithe reaper's song
E'er lightly sped the Summer-hours along,
Bid thy wild rivers, from each mountain-source,
Rushing in joy, make music on their course!
Thou, whose sole records of existence mark
The scene of barbarous rites, in ages dark,
And of some nameless combat; hope's bright eye
Beams o'er thee in the light of prophecy!
Yet shalt thou smile, by busy culture drest,
And the rich harvest wave upon thy breast!
Yet shall thy cottage smoke, at dewy morn,
Rise, in blue wreaths, above the flowery thorn,
And, 'midst thy hamlet shades, the embosom'd spire
Catch from deep-kindling heavens their earliest fire.

Thee too that hour shall bless, the balmy close
Of labour's day, the herald of repose,
Which gathers hearts in peace; while social mirth
Basks in the blaze of each free village hearth;
While peasant-songs are on the joyous gales,
And merry England's voice floats up from all her vales.
Yet are there sweeter sounds; and thou shalt hear
Such as to Heaven's immortal host are dear.
Oh! if there still be melody on earth,
Worthy the sacred bowers where man drew birth,
When angel-steps their paths rejoicing trode,
And the air trembled with the breath of God;
It lives in those soft accents, to the sky (7)
Borne from the lips of stainless infancy,
When holy strains, from life's pure fount which sprung,
Breathed with deep reverence, falter on its tongue.

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And such shall be *thy* music, when the cells,
Where Guilt, the child of hopeless Misery, dwells,
(And, to wild strength by desperation wrought,
In silence broods o'er many a fearful thought,)
Resound to pity's voice; and childhood thence,
Ere the cold blight hath reach'd its innocence,
Ere that soft rose-bloom of the soul be fled,
Which vice but breathes on and its hues are dead,
Shall at the call press forward, to be made
A glorious offering, meet for him who said,
"Mercy, not sacrifice!" and when, of old,
Clouds of rich incense from his altars roll'd,
Dispersed the smoke of perfumes, and laid bare
The heart's deep folds, to read its homage there!

When some crown'd conqueror, o'er a trampled world
His banner, shadowing nations, hath unfurl'd,
And, like those visitations which deform
Nature for centuries, hath made the storm
His pathway to dominion's lonely sphere,
Silence behind—before him, flight and fear;
When kingdoms rock beneath his rushing wheels,
Till each fair isle the mighty impulse feels,
And earth is moulded but by one proud will,
And sceptred realms wear fetters, and are still;
Shall the free soul of song bow down to pay
The earthquake homage on its baleful way?
Shall the glad harp send up exulting strains,
O'er burning cities and forsaken plains?
And shall no harmony of softer close
Attend the stream of mercy as it flows,

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And, mingling with the murmur of its wave,
Bless the green shores its gentle currents lave?

Oh! there are loftier themes, for him whose eyes
Have search'd the depths of life's realities,
Than the red battle, or the trophied car,
Wheeling the monarch-victor fast and far;
There are more noble strains than those which swell
The triumphs, ruin may suffice to tell!

Ye prophet-bards, who sat in elder days
Beneath the palms of Judah! Ye whose lays
With torrent rapture, from their source on high,
Burst in the strength of immortality!
Oh! not alone, those haunted groves among,
Of conquering hosts, of empires crush'd, ye sung,
But of that spirit, destined to explore
With the bright day-spring every distant shore,
To dry the tear, to bind the broken reed,
To make the home of peace in hearts that bleed;
With beams of hope to pierce the dungeon's gloom,
And pour eternal star-light o'er the tomb.

And bless'd and hallow'd be its haunts! for there
Hath man's high soul been rescued from despair!
There hath the immortal spark for Heaven been
nursed;
There from the rock the springs of life have burst,
Quenchless and pure! and holy thoughts, that rise,
Warm from the source of human sympathies—
Where'er its path of radiance may be traced,
Shall find their temple in the silent waste.

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NOTES.

Note 1.

Still rise the cairns of yore, all rudely piled.

In some parts of Dartmoor, the surface is thickly strewed with stones, which, in many instances, appear to have been collected into piles, on the tops of prominent hillocks, as if in imitation of the natural Tors. The Stone-barrows of Dartmoor resemble the cairns of the Cheviot and Grampian hills, and those in Cornwall. —— See Cooke's *Topographical Survey of Devonshire.*

Note 2.

And the rude arrow's barb remains to tell.

Flint arrow-heads have occasionally been found upon Dartmoor.

Note 3.

The chieftain's power — they had no bard, and died.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro. — *Horace.*

"They had no Poet, and they died." — Pope's *Translation.*

Note 4.

There stands an altar of unsculptured stone.

On the east of Dartmoor are some Druidical remains, one of which is a Cromlech, whose three rough pillars of granite support a ponderous table-stone, and form a kind of large irregular tripod.

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Note 5.

Bade the red cairn-fires blaze from every height.

In some of the Druid festivals, fires were lighted on all the cairns and eminences around, by priests, carrying sacred torches. All the household fires were previously extinguished, and those who were thought worthy of such a privilege, were allowed to relight them with a flaming brand, kindled at the consecrated cairn-fire.

Note 6.

'T was then the captives of Britannia's war.

The French prisoners, taken in the wars with Napoleon, were confined in a depôt on Dartmoor.

Note 7.

It lives in those soft accents, to the sky.

In allusion to a plan for the erection of a great national school-house on Dartmoor, where it was proposed to educate the children of convicts.

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WELSH MELODIES.

(231)

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WELSH MELODIES.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

THE HARP OF WALES.

INSCRIBED TO THE RUTHIN WELSH LITERARY SOCIETY.

Harp of the mountain-land! sound forth again,
As when the foaming Hirlas horn was crown'd,
And warrior hearts beat proudly to the strain,
And the bright mead at Owain's feast went round:
Wake with the spirit and the power of yore!
Harp of the ancient hills! be heard once more!

Thy tones are not to cease! The Roman came
O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars:
Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame;
The Druid shrines lay prostrate on our shores:
All gave their ashes to the wind and sea—
Ring out, thou harp! he could not silence thee.

Thy tones are not to cease!—The Saxon pass'd,
His banners floated on Eryri's gales;
But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,
E'en when his towers rose loftiest o'er the vales!
Thine was the voice that cheer'd the brave and free;
They had their hills, their chainless hearts, and thee.

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Those were dark years!—They saw the valiant fall,
The rank weeds gathering round the chieftain's board,
The hearth left lonely in the ruin'd hall—
Yet power was *thine*—a gift in every chord!
Call back that spirit to the days of peace,
Thou noble Harp! thy tones are not to cease!

DRUID CHORUS ON THE LANDING OF THE ROMANS.

By the dread and viewless powers
Whom the storms and seas obey,
From the Dark Isle's[1] mystic bowers,
Romans! o'er the deep away!
Think ye, 'tis but nature's gloom
O'er our shadowy coast which broods?
By the altar and the tomb,
Shun these haunted solitudes!

Know ye Mona's awful spells?
She the rolling orbs can stay!
She the mighty grave compels
Back to yield its fetter'd prey!
Fear ye not the lightning-stroke?
Mark ye not the fiery sky?
Hence!—around our central oak
Gods are gathering—Romans, fly!

[1] *Ynys Dywyll*, or the Dark Island, an ancient name for Anglesey.

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THE GREEN ISLES OF OCEAN.[1]

WHERE are they, those green fairy islands, reposing
In sunlight and beauty, on ocean's calm breast?
What spirit, the things which are hidden disclosing,
Shall point the bright way to their dwellings of rest?

Oh! lovely they rose on the dreams of past ages,
The mighty have sought them, undaunted in faith;
But the land hath been sad for her warriors and sages,
For the guide to those realms of the blessed, is death.

Where are they, the high-minded children of glory,
Who steer'd for those distant green spots on the wave?
To the winds of the ocean they left their wild story,
In the fields of their country they found not a grave.

---

[1] The "Green Islands of Ocean," or "Green Spots of the Floods," called in the *Triads* "Gwerddonan Llion," (respecting which some remarkable superstitions have been preserved in Wales,) were supposed to be the abodes of the Fair Family, or souls of the virtuous Druids, who could not enter the Christian heaven, but were permitted to enjoy this paradise of their own. Gafran, a distinguished British chieftain of the fifth century, went on a voyage, with his family, to discover these islands; but they were never heard of afterwards. This event, the voyage of Merddin Emrys with his twelve bards, and the expedition of Madog, were called the three losses by disappearance of the island of Britain. ——Vide W. O. PUGHE's *Cambrian Biography*, also *Cambro-Briton*, vol. i. p. 124.

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Perchance they repose where the Summer-breeze gathers,
From the flowers of each vale, immortality's breath;
But their steps shall be ne'er on the hills of their fathers—
For the guide to those realms of the blessed, is death.

THE SEA-SONG OF GAFRAN.[1]

Watch ye well! The moon is shrouded
On her bright throne;
Storms are gathering, stars are clouded,
Waves make wild moan.
'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,
And gay songs and wine-cups flowing;
But of winds, in darkness blowing
O'er seas unknown!

In the dwellings of our fathers,
Round the glad blaze,
Now the festive circle gathers,
With harps and lays;
Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,
Steps are bounding, bards are singing,
—Ay! the hour to all is bringing
Peace, joy, or praise:—

[1] See note to the "Green Isles of Ocean."

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Save to us, our night-watch keeping,
Storm-winds to brave,
While the very sea-bird sleeping,
Rests in its cave!
Think of us when hearths are beaming,
Think of us when mead is streaming,
Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming
On the dark wave!

THE HIRLAS HORN.

FILL high the blue *hirlas*,[1] that shines like the wave[2]
When sunbeams are bright on the spray of the sea;
And bear thou the rich foaming mead to the brave,
The dragons of battle, the sons of the free!
To those from whose spears, in the shock of the fight,
A beam, like heaven's lightning,[3] flash'd over the field;
To those who came rushing as storms in their might,
Who have shiver'd the helmet, and cloven the shield;
The sound of whose strife was like ocean's afar,
When lances were red from the harvest of war.

[1] Hirlas, from *hir*, long, and *glas*, blue or azure.

[2] "Fetch the horn, that we may drink together, whose gloss is like the waves of the sea; whose green handles show the skill of the artist, and are tipped with gold." — From the Hirlas of OWAIN CYFEILIOG.

[3] "Heard ye in Maelor the noise of war, the horrid din of arms, their furious onset, loud as in the battle of Bangor, where fire flashed out of their spears." — From the same.

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Fill high the blue hirlas! O cup-bearer, fill
For the lords of the field, in their festival's hour,
And let the mead foam, like the stream of the hill,
That bursts o'er the rock in the pride of its power:
Praise, praise to the mighty, fill high the smooth horn
Of honour and mirth,[1] for the conflict is o'er;
And round let the golden-tipp'd hirlas be borne,
To the lion-defenders of Gwynedd's fair shore,
Who rush'd to the field where the glory was won,
As eagles that soar from their cliffs to the sun.

Fill higher the hirlas! forgetting not those
Who shared its bright draught in the days which are fled!
Though cold on their mountain the valiant repose,
Their lot shall be lovely—renown to the dead!
While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,
While regal *Eryri* with snow shall be crown'd—
So long by the bards shall their battles be sung,
And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound.
The free winds of Maelor[2] shall swell with their name,
And Owain's rich hirlas be fill'd to their fame.

[1] "Fill, then, the yellow-lipped horn—badge of honour and mirth."——From the same.

[2] Maelor, part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division.

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THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN.

THE Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night;[1]
I weep, for the grave has extinguish'd its light;
The beam of the lamp from its summit is o'er,
The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more!

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still,
The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill!
Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene,
Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been!

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,
No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there!

---

[1] "The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without bed—
I must weep awhile, and then be silent.

The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without being lighted—
Be thou encircled with spreading silence!

* * * * * *

The Hall of Cynddylan is without love this night,
Since he that own'd it is no more—
Ah Death! it will be but a short time he will leave me.

The Hall of Cynddylan it is not easy this night,
On the top of the rock of Hydwyth,
Without its lord, without company, without the circling feasts!"

See OWEN'S "*Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen.*"

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Oh! where are the warriors who circled its board?
—The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup
was pour'd!

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,
Since he is departed whose smiles made it bright!
I mourn; but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,
The pathway is short to the grave of my chief!

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN.

Llywarch Hen, or Llywarch the Aged, a celebrated bard and chief of the times of Arthur, was prince of Argoed, supposed to be a part of the present Cumberland. Having sustained the loss of his patrimony, and witnessed the fall of most of his sons, in the unequal contest maintained by the North Britons against the growing power of the Saxons, Llywarch was compelled to fly from his country, and seek refuge in Wales. He there found an asylum for some time in the residence of Cynddylan, Prince of Powys, whose fall he pathetically laments in one of his poems. These are still extant, and his elegy on old age and the loss of his sons, is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty.—See *Cambrian Biography, and* Owen's *Heroic Elegies and other poems of Llywarch Hen.*

The bright hours return, and the blue sky is ringing
With song, and the hills are all mantled with bloom;
But fairer than aught which the summer is bringing,
The beauty and youth gone to people the tomb!

Oh! why should I live to hear music resounding,
Which cannot awake ye, my lovely, my brave?

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Why smile the waste flowers, my sad footsteps surrounding?
—My sons! they but clothe the green turf of your grave!

Alone on the rocks of the stranger I linger,
My spirit all wrapt in the past as a dream!
Mine ear hath no joy in the voice of the singer,[1]
Mine eye sparkles not to the sunlight's glad beam;
Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken and weeping!
—Oh grave! why refuse to the aged thy bed,
When valour's high heart on thy bosom is sleeping,
When youth's glorious flower is gone down to the dead!

Fair were ye, my sons! and all-kingly your bearing,
As on to the fields of your glory ye trode!
Each prince of my race the bright golden chain wearing,
Each eye glancing fire, shrouded now by the sod![2]
I weep when the blast of the trumpet is sounding,
Which rouses ye not! O, my lovely! my brave!

---

[1] What I loved when I was a youth is hateful to me now."

* * * * * *

[2] "Four and twenty sons to me have been,
Wearing the golden chain, and leading princes."
Elegies of Llywarch Hen.

The golden chain, as a badge of honour, worn by heroes, is frequently alluded to in the works of the ancient British bards.

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When warriors and chiefs to their proud steeds are bounding,
I turn from heaven's light, for it smiles on your grave![1]

GRUFYDD'S FEAST.

"Grufydd ab Rhys ab Tewdwr, having resisted the English successfully in the time of Stephen, and at last obtained from them an honourable peace, made a great feast at his palace in *Ystrad Tywi* to celebrate this event. To this feast, which was continued for forty days, he invited all who would come in peace from *Gwynedd*, *Powys*, the *Deheubarth*, Glamorgan, and the marches. Against the appointed time he prepared all kinds of delicious viands and liquors; with every entertainment of vocal and instrumental song; thus patronising the poets and musicians. He encouraged, too, all sorts of representations and manly games, and afterwards sent away all those who had excelled in them with honourable gifts."——*Vide Cambrian Biography.*

LET the yellow mead shine for the sons of the brave,
By the bright festal torches around us that wave!
Set open the gates of the prince's wide hall,
And hang up the chief's ruddy spear on the wall!
There is peace in the land we have battled to save:
Then spread ye the feast, bid the wine-cup foam high,[2]
That those may rejoice who have fear'd not to die!

[1] "Hardly has the snow covered the vale,
When the warriors are hastening to the battle;
I do not go, I am hinder'd by infirmity."
OWEN'S *Elegies of Llywarch Hen.*

[2] Wine, as well as mead, is frequently mentioned in the poems of the ancient British bards.

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Let the horn, whose loud blast gave the signal for fight,
With the bee's sunny nectar now sparkle in light,[1]
Let the rich draught it offers with gladness be crown'd,
For the strong hearts, in combat that leap'd at its sound!
Like the billow's dark swell, was the path of their might,
Red, red as their blood, fill the wine-cup on high,
That those may rejoice who have fear'd not to die!

And wake ye the children of song from their dreams,
On Maelor's wild hills, and by Dyfed's fair streams![2]
Bid them haste with those strains of the lofty and free,
Which shall float down the waves of long ages to be.
Sheath the sword which hath given them unperishing themes,
And pour the bright mead: let the wine-cup foam high,
That those may rejoice who have fear'd not to die!

---

[1] The horn was used for two purposes, to sound the alarm in war, and to drink the mead at feasts.

[2] Maelor, part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint. Dyfed, (said to signify a land abounding with streams of water,) the modern Pembrokeshire.

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THE CAMBRIAN IN AMERICA.

When the last flush of eve is dying
On boundless lakes, afar that shine;
When winds amidst the palms are sighing,
And fragrance breathes from every pine:[1]
When stars through cypress-boughs are gleaming,
And fire-flies wander bright and free,
Still of thy harps, thy mountains dreaming,
My thoughts, wild Cambria! dwell with thee!

Alone o'er green savannas roving,
Where some broad stream in silence flows,
Or through th' eternal forests moving,
One only home my spirit knows!
Sweet land, whence memory ne'er hath parted!
To thee on sleep's light wing I fly;
But happier, could the weary-hearted
Look on his own blue hills, and die!

---

[1] The aromatic odour of the pine has frequently been mentioned by travellers.

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THE MONARCHY OF BRITAIN.

The Bard of the Palace, under the ancient Welsh Princes, always accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country, and while it was preparing for battle, or dividing the spoils, he performed an ancient song, called *Unbennaeth Prydain*, the monarchy of Britain. It has been conjectured that this poem referred to the tradition of the Welsh, that the whole island had once been possessed by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxon invaders. When the prince had received his share of the spoils, the bard, for the performance of this song, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained. —— See JONES's *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards.*

SONS of the Fair Isle![1] forget not the time,
Ere spoilers had breathed the free winds of your clime?
All that its eagles behold in their flight,
Was yours from the deep to each storm-mantled height!
Though from your race that proud birthright be torn,
Unquench'd is the spirit for monarchy born.
Darkly though clouds may hang o'er us awhile,
The crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.

Ages may roll ere your children regain
The land for which heroes have perish'd in vain.
Yet in the sound of your name shall be power,
Around her still gathering till glory's full hour.
Strong in the fame of the mighty that sleep,
Your Britain shall sit on the throne of the deep!
Then shall their spirits rejoice in her smile,
Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle!

[1] Ynys Prydain, the ancient name of Britain, signifies the Fair or Beautiful Island.

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TALIESIN'S PROPHECY.

A prophecy of Taliesin relating to the Ancient Britons, is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect:—

"Their God they shall worship,
Their language they shall retain,
Their land they shall lose,
Except wild Wales."

A voice from time departed yet floats thy hills among,
O Cambria! thus thy prophet bard, thy Taliesin sung!
The path of unborn ages is traced upon my soul,
The clouds which mantle things unseen, away before me roll,
A light, the depths revealing, hath o'er my spirit pass'd,
A rushing sound from days to be, swells fitful in the blast,
And tells me that for ever shall live the lofty tongue,
To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand was strung.

Green island of the mighty![1] I see thine ancient race
Driven from their fathers' realm, to make the rocks their dwelling-place!
I see from Uthyr's[2] kingdom the sceptre pass away,
And many a line of bards, and chiefs, and princely men decay.

[1] *Ynys y Cedeirn*, or Isle of the Mighty, an ancient name given to Britain.

[2] Uther Pendragon, king of Britain, supposed to have been the father of Arthur.

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But long as Arvon's mountains shall lift their sovereign forms,
And wear the crown to which is given dominion o'er the storms,
So long, their empire sharing, shall live the lofty tongue,
To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand was strung!

OWEN GLYNDWR'S WAR SONG.

Saw ye the blazing star?[1]
The heavens look down on freedom's war,
And light her torch on high!
Bright on the dragon crest[2]
It tells that glory's wing shall rest,
When warriors meet to die!

Let earth's pale tyrants read despair,
And vengeance, in its flame;

[1] The year 1402 was ushered in with a comet or blazing star, which the bards interpreted as an omen favourable to the cause of Glyndwr. It served to infuse spirit into the minds of a superstitious people; the first success of their chieftain confirmed this belief, and gave new vigour to their actions. —— *Vide* Pennant.

[2] *Owen Glyndwr* styled himself the *Dragon;* a name he assumed in imitation of *Uther*, whose victories over the Saxons were foretold by the appearance of a star with a dragon beneath, which Uther used as his badge; and on that account it became a favourite one with the Welsh. —— Pennant.

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Hail ye, my bards! the omen fair
Of conquest and of fame,
And swell the rushing mountain-air
With songs to Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,
Mark'd ye how each majestic height
Burn'd in its awful beams?
Red shone th' eternal snows,
And all the land, as bright it rose,
Was full of glorious dreams!

Oh! eagles of the battle![1] rise!
The hope of Gwynedd wakes![2]
It is your banner in the skies,
Through each dark cloud which breaks,
And mantles, with triumphal dyes,
Your thousand hills and lakes!

A sound is on the breeze,
A murmur, as of swelling seas!
The Saxon on his way!
Lo! spear, and shield, and lance,
From Deva's waves, with lightning glance,
Reflected to the day!

But who the torrent-wave compels
A conqueror's chain to bear?

---

[1] "Bring the horn to Tudwrou, *the Eagle of Battles*."—Vide *The Hirlas Horn, a poem by* Owain Cyfeiliog. The eagle is a very favourite image with the ancient Welsh poets.

[2] Gwynedd (pronounced Gwyneth), North Wales.

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Let those who wake the soul that dwells
On our free winds, beware!
The greenest and the loveliest dells
May be the lion's lair!

Of us *they* told, the seers
And monarch-bards of elder years,
Who walk'd on earth, as powers!
And in their burning strains,
A spell of might and mystery reigns,
To guard our mountain-towers!

—In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay:[1]
Before his gifted sight,
The march of ages pass'd away
With hero-footsteps bright,
But proudest in that long array,
Was Glyndwr's path of light!

PRINCE MADOC'S FAREWELL.

Why lingers my gaze where the last hues of day,
On the hills of my country, in loveliness sleep?
Too fair is the sight for a wand'rer, whose way
Lies far o'er the measureless worlds of the deep!
Fall, shadows of twilight! and veil the green shore,
That the heart of the mighty may waver no more!

[1] Merlin, or Merddin Emrys, is said to have composed his prophecies on the future lot of the Britons, amongst the mountains of Snowdon. Many of these, and other ancient prophecies, were applied by Glyndwr to his own cause, and assisted him greatly in animating the spirit of his followers.

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Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the land
Where the harp's lofty soul on each wild wind is borne?
Be hush'd, be forgotten! for ne'er shall the hand
Of minstrel with melody greet my return.
—No! no!—let your echoes still float on the breeze,
And my heart shall be strong for the conquest of seas!

'Tis not for the land of my sires, to give birth
Unto bosoms that shrink when their trial is nigh;
Away! we will bear over ocean and earth
A name and a spirit that never shall die.
My course to the winds, to the stars, I resign;
But my soul's quenchless fire, O my country! is thine.

CASWALLON'S TRIUMPH.

Caswallon (or Cassivelaunus) was elected to the supreme command of the Britons, (as recorded in the Triads,) for the purpose of opposing Cæsar, under the title of Elected Chief of Battle. Whatever impression the disciplined legions of Rome might have made on the Britons in the first instance, the subsequent departure of Cæsar they considered as a cause of triumph; and it is stated that Caswallon proclaimed an assembly of the various states of the island, for the purpose of celebrating that event by feasting and public rejoicing. —— *See the Cambrian Biography.*

From the glowing southern regions,
Where the sun-god makes his dwelling,
Came the Roman's crested legions,
O'er the deep, round Britain swelling;

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The wave grew dazzling as he pass'd,
With light from spear and helmet cast,
And sounds in every rushing blast
Of a conqueror's march were telling.

But his eagle's royal pinion,
Bowing earth beneath its glory,
Could not shadow with dominion
Our wild seas and mountains hoary!
Back from their cloudy realm it flies,
To float in light through softer skies,
Oh! chainless winds of heaven, arise!
Bear a vanquish'd world the story!

Lords of earth! to Rome returning,
Tell, how Britain combat wages,
How CASWALLON's soul is burning
When the storm of battle rages!
And ye that shrine high deeds in song,
O holy and immortal throng!
The brightness of his name prolong,
As a torch to stream through ages!

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HOWEL'S SONG.

Howel ab Einion Llygliw was a distinguished bard of the fourteenth century. A beautiful poem, addressed by him to Myfanwy Vychan, a celebrated beauty of those times, is still preserved amongst the remains of the Welsh bards. The ruins of Myfanwy's residence, Castle Dinas Brân, may yet be traced on a high hill near Llangollen.

Press on, my steed! I hear the swell[1]
Of Valle Crucis' vesper-bell,
Sweet floating from the holy dell
O'er woods and waters round.
Perchance the maid I love, e'en now,
From *Dinas Brân's* majestic brow,
Looks on the fairy world below,
And listens to the sound!

I feel her presence on the scene!
The summer air is more serene,
The deep woods wave in richer green,
The wave more gently flows!
O fair as Ocean's curling foam![2]

---

[1] "I have rode hard, mounted on a fine high-bred steed, upon thy account, O thou with the countenance of cherry-flower bloom. The speed was with eagerness, and the strong long-hammed steed of Alban reached the summit of the high land of Brân."

[2] "My loving heart sinks with grief without thy support, O thou that hast the whiteness of the curling waves! * * * * I know that this pain will avail me nothing towards obtaining thy love, O thou whose countenance is bright as the flowers of the hawthorn!"—Howel's *Ode to Myfanwy.*

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Lo! with the balmy hour I come,
The hour that brings the wand'rer home,
The weary to repose!

Haste! on each mountain's dark'ning crest,
The glow hath died, the shadows rest,
The twilight-star on Deva's breast,
Gleams tremulously bright;
Speed for Myfanwy's bower on high!
Though scorn may wound me from her eye,
Oh! better by the sun to die,
Than live in rayless night!

THE MOUNTAIN-FIRES.

"The custom retained in Wales of lighting fires (*Coelcerthi*) on November eve, is said to be a traditional memorial of the massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist, on Salisbury plain. The practice is, however, of older date, and had reference originally to the *Alban Elved*, or new year." —— *See the Cambro-Briton.*

When these fires are kindled on the mountains, and seen through the darkness of a stormy night, casting a red and fitful glare over heath and rock, their effect is strikingly picturesque.

Light the hills! till heaven is glowing
As with some red meteor's rays!
Winds of night, though rudely glowing,
Shall but fan the beacon-blaze.

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Light the hills till flames are streaming,
From[1] Yr Wyddfa's sovereign steep,
To the waves round Mona gleaming,
Where the Roman track'd the deep!

Be the mountain watch-fires heighten'd,
Pile them to the stormy sky!
Till each torrent-wave is brighten'd,
Kindling as it rushes by.
Now each rock, the mist's high dwelling,
Towers in reddening light sublime;
Heap the flames! around them telling
Tales of Cambria's elder time.

Thus our sires, the fearless-hearted,
Many a solemn vigil kept,
When, in ages long departed,
O'er the noble dead they wept.
In the winds we hear their voices,
—"Sons! though yours a brighter lot,
When the mountain-land rejoices,
Be her mighty unforgot!"

---

[1] Yr Wyddfa, the Welsh name of Snowdon, said to mean the *conspicuous place*, or *object*.

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ERYRI WEN.

"SNOWDON was held as sacred by the ancient Britons as Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said, that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had, in addition to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon."—— PENNANT.

THEIRS was no dream, O Monarch-hill,
With heaven's own azure crown'd!
Who call'd thee—what thou shalt be still,
White Snowdon!—holy ground.

They fabled not, thy sons, who told
Of the dread power, enshrined
Within thy cloudy mantle's fold,
And on thy rushing wind!

It shadow'd o'er thy silent height,
It fill'd thy chainless air,
Deep thoughts of majesty and might
For ever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled! the awful spell
Yet holds unbroken sway,
As when on that wild rock it fell,
Where Merddin Emrys lay![1]

[1] Dinas Emrys (the fortress of Ambrose), a celebrated rock amongst the mountains of Snowdon, is said to be so called from having been the residence of Merddin Emrys, called by the Latins Merlinus Ambrosius, the celebrated prophet and magician:

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Though from their stormy haunts of yore,
Thine eagles long have flown,[1]
As proud a flight the soul shall soar,
Yet from thy mountain-throne!

Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of streams!
And make the snows thy crest!
The sunlight of immortal dreams
Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri! temple of the bard!
And fortress of the free!
'Midst rocks which heroes died to guard,
Their spirit dwells with thee!

---

and there, tradition says, he wrote his prophecies concerning the future state of the Britons.

There is another curious tradition respecting a large stone, on the ascent of Snowdon, called *Maen du yr Arddu*, the black stone of Arddu. It is said, that if two persons were to sleep a night on this stone, in the morning one would find himself endowed with the gift of poetry, and the other would become insane. —— *See* WILLIAMS's *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains.*

[1] It is believed amongst the inhabitants of these mountains, that eagles have heretofore bred in the lofty clefts of their rocks. Some wandering ones are still seen at times, though very rarely, amongst the precipices. —— See WILLIAMS's *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains.*

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CHANT OF THE BARDS BEFORE THEIR MASSACRE BY EDWARD I.[1]

Raise ye the sword! let the death-stroke be given:
O! swift may it fall as the lightning of heaven!
So shall our spirits be free as our strains:
The children of song may not languish in chains!

Have ye not trampled our country's bright crest?
Are heroes reposing in death on her breast?
Red with their blood do her mountain-streams flow,
And think ye that still we would linger below?

Rest, ye brave dead! 'midst the hills of your sires,
O! who would not slumber when freedom expires?
Lonely and voiceless your halls must remain—
The children of song may not breathe in the chain!

---

[1] This sanguinary deed is not attested by any historian of credit. And it deserves to be also noticed, that none of the bardic productions since the time of Edward make any allusion to such an event. —— See *the Cambro-Briton*, Vol. I., p. 195.

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THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY.[1]

"All is not lost—the unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield."
MILTON.

THE Hall of Harps is lone to-night,
And cold the chieftain's hearth:
It hath no mead, it hath no light;
No voice of melody, no sound of mirth.

The bow lies broken on the floor
Whence the free step is gone;
The pilgrim turns him from the door
Where minstrel-blood hath stain'd the threshold stone.

And I, too, go: my wound is deep,
My brethren long have died;
Yet, ere my soul grow dark with sleep,
Winds! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride!

Bear it where, on his battle plain,
Beneath the setting sun,
He counts my country's noble slain—
Say to him—Saxon, think not *all* is won.

Thou hast laid low the warrior's head,
The minstrel's chainless hand;
Dreamer! thou numberest with the dead
The burning spirit of the mountain land!

[1] At the time of the supposed massacre of the Welsh bards by Edward the First.

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Think'st thou, because the song hath ceased,
The soul of song is flown?
Think'st thou it woke to crown the feast,
It lived beside the ruddy hearth alone?

No! by our wrongs, and by our blood,
We leave it pure and free;
Though hush'd awhile, that sounding flood
Shall roll in joy through ages yet to be.

We leave it 'midst our country's woe—
The birthright of her breast;
We leave it as we leave the snow
Bright and eternal on Eryri's[1] crest.

We leave it with our fame to dwell
Upon our children's breath:
Our voice in theirs through time shall swell—
The bard hath gifts of prophecy from death.

He dies; but yet the mountains stand,
Yet sweeps the torrent's tide;
And this is yet *Aneurin's*[2] land—
Winds! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride!

---

[1] Eryri, Welsh name for the Snowdon mountains.
[2] Aneurin, one of the noblest of the Welsh bards.

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THE FAIR ISLE.[1]

(FOR THE MELODY CALLED THE "WELSH GROUND.")

Sons of the Fair Isle! forget not the time,
Ere spoilers had breathed the free air of your clime:
All that its eagles behold in their flight
Was yours, from the deep to each storm-mantled height.
Though from your race that proud birthright be torn,
Unquench'd is the spirit for monarchy born.

CHORUS.

Darkly though clouds may hang o'er us awhile,
The crown shall not pass from the beautiful Isle.

Ages may roll ere your children regain
The land for which heroes have perish'd in vain;
Yet, in the sound of your names shall be power,
Around her still gathering in glory's full hour.
Strong in the fame of the mighty that sleep,
Your Britain shall sit on the throne of the deep.

CHORUS.

Then shall their spirits rejoice in her smile,
Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle.

---

[1] Ynys Prydain was the ancient Welsh name of Britain, and signifies *fair* or *beautiful isle.*

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THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS.

It is an old tradition of the Welsh bards, that on the summit of the mountain Cader Idris, is an excavation resembling a couch; and that whoever should pass a night in that hollow, would be found in the morning either dead, in a state of frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.

I lay on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,
The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the cloud;
Around it for ever deep music is swelling,
The voice of the mountain-wind, solemn and loud.
'T was a midnight of shadows all fitfully streaming,
Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their moan;
Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs faintly gleaming;
And I met the dread gloom of its grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence—a spirit came o'er me;
Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw:
Things glorious, unearthly, pass'd floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe.
I view'd the dread beings, around us that hover,
Though veil'd by the mists of mortality's breath;
And I call'd upon darkness the vision to cover,
For a strife was within me of madness and death.

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I saw them—the powers of the wind and the ocean,
The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storms;
Like the sweep of the white-rolling wave was their motion,
I *felt* their dim presence,—but knew not their forms!
I saw them—the mighty of ages departed—
The dead were around me that night on the hill:
From their eyes, as they pass'd, a cold radiance they darted,—
There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was chill.

I saw what man looks on, and dies—but my spirit
Was strong, and triumphantly lived through that hour;
And, as from the grave, I awoke to inherit
A flame all immortal, a voice, and a power!
Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,
And high Cader Idris rejoiced in the sun;—
But O! what new glory all nature invested,
When the sense which gives soul to her beauty was won!

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HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD.

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PREFACE.

THE following very simple compositions were written a few years ago, exclusively for the Author's family circle, and without the remotest idea of their publication. It is now her wish to render them more extensively, however humbly, useful. The Hymns were intended to associate the first devotional thoughts of childhood with the loveliness and solemnity diffused over the outward creation. Should they prove acceptable, they may perhaps be followed by a series, of a character more entirely scriptural.

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HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD.

INTRODUCTORY VERSES.

Oh! blest art thou, whose steps may rove
Through the green paths of vale and grove,
Or, leaving all their charms below,
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow;

And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,
And cities with their stately fanes,
And forests, that beneath thee lie,
And ocean mingling with the sky.

For man can show thee naught so fair,
As Nature's varied marvels there;
And if thy pure and artless breast
Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest!

For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows,
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if then thy soul
Can soar to Him who made the whole,
If to thine eye the simplest flower
Portray His bounty and His power.

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If, in whate'er is bright or grand,
Thy mind can trace His viewless hand,
If Nature's music bid thee raise
Thy song of gratitude and praise;

If heaven and earth with beauty fraught,
Lead to His throne thy raptured thought,
If there thou lov'st His love to read,
Then, wanderer, thou art blest indeed.

THE RAINBOW.

I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.

Genesis ix. 13.

Soft falls the mild, reviving shower
From April's changeful skies,
And rain-drops bend each trembling flower
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call
A thousand buds to day,
Which, waiting but that balmy fall,
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell
With fragrance fills the shade!
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,
In brighter tints array'd.

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But mark! what arch of varied hue
From Heaven to earth is bow'd!
Haste, ere it vanish, haste to view
The Rainbow in the cloud.

How bright its glory! there behold
The emerald's verdant rays,
The topaz blends its hue of gold
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight
Was given the vision fair;—
Gaze on that arch of colour'd light,
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
Fast by th' Eternal chain'd,
No more o'er earth's domains shall sweep,
Awful and unrestrain'd.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,
Fix'd by his sovereign will,
Shall, in their course, bid man behold
Seed-time and harvest still;

That still the flower shall deck the field,
When vernal zephyrs blow;
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,
When autumn sun-beams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth! which yet
Smiles with each charm endow'd,
Bless thou *His* name, whose mercy set
The Rainbow in the cloud!

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THE SUN.

The Sun comes forth;—each mountain height
Glows with a tinge of rosy light,
And flowers that slumber'd through the night
Their dewy leaves unfold;
A flood of splendour bursts on high,
And ocean's breast reflects a sky
Of crimson and of gold.

Oh! thou art glorious, orb of day!
Exulting nations hail thy ray,
Creation swells a choral lay,
To welcome thy return;
From thee all nature draws her hues,
Thy beams the insect's wings suffuse,
And in the diamond burn.

Yet must thou fade;—when earth and heaven
By fire and tempest shall be riven,
Thou, from thy sphere of radiance driven,
Oh Sun! must fall at last;
Another heaven, another earth,
Far other glory shall have birth,
When all we see is past.

But He, who gave the word of might,
"Let there be light"—and there *was* light,
Who bade thee chase the gloom of night,
And beam, the world to bless;—
For ever bright, for ever pure,
Alone, unchanging, shall endure,
The Sun of Righteousness!

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THE RIVERS.

Go! trace th' unnumber'd streams o'er earth
That wind their devious course,
That draw from Alpine heights their birth,
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,
Proud scenes of man's renown,
Some lead their solitary tide,
Where pathless forests frown.

Some calmly roll in golden sands,
Where Afric's deserts lie!
Or spread, to clothe rejoicing lands
With rich fertility.

Those bear the bark, whose stately sail
Exulting seems to swell;
While these, scarce rippled by a gale,
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike though swift or slow
Their various waves may sweep,
Through cities or through shades they flow
To the same boundless deep.

Oh! thus, whate'er our path of life,
Through sunshine or through gloom,
Through scenes of quiet or of strife,
Its end is still the tomb.

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The chief, whose mighty deeds we hail,
The monarch throned on high,
The peasant in his native vale,
All journey on—to die!

But if *Thy* guardian care, my God!
The pilgrim's course attend,
I will not fear the dark abode
To which my footsteps bend.

For thence thine all-redeeming Son,
Who died, the world to save,
In light, in triumph, rose, and won
The victory from the grave!

THE STARS.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy-work.——*Psalm* xix. 1.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightness walks on high,
And, set in azure, every star
Shines, like a gem of heaven, afar!

Child of the earth! oh! lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse,
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

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Doth it not speak to every sense
The marvels of Omnipotence?
See'st thou not there th' Almighty name
Inscribed in characters of flame?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night!
Behold them!—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze;
Each is a world by Him sustain'd,
Who from eternity hath reign'd.

Each, shining not for earth alone,
Hath suns and planets of its own,
And beings, whose existence springs
From Him, th' all-powerful King of kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know
Nor stain of guilt, nor tear of woe!
But raising still th' adoring voice,
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art *thou*, oh! child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
—E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not!—the sovereign hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care!

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Be thou at peace!—th' all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky,
The searching glance which none may flee,
Is still, in mercy, turn'd on thee.

THE OCEAN.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.—*Psalm* cvii. 23, 24.

He that in venturous barks hath been
A wanderer on the deep,
Can tell of many an awful scene,
Where storms for ever sweep.

For many a fair majestic sight
Hath met his wandering eye,
Beneath the streaming northern light,
Or blaze of Indian sky.

Go! ask him of the whirlpool's roar,
Whose echoing thunder peals
Loud, as if rush'd along the shore
An army's chariot-wheels;

Of icebergs, floating o'er the main,
Or fix'd upon the coast,
Like glittering citadel or fane,
'Mid the bright realms of frost;

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Of coral rocks from waves below
In steep ascent that tower,
And, fraught with peril, daily grow,
Form'd by an insect's power;

Of sea-fires which at dead of night
Shine o'er the tides afar,
And make th' expanse of ocean bright
As heaven, with many a star.

Oh God! thy name they well may praise,
Who to the deep go down,
And trace the wonders of thy ways,
Where rocks and billows frown.

If glorious be that awful deep,
No human power can bind,
What then art thou, who bidd'st it keep
Within its bounds confined!

Let heaven and earth in praise unite,
Eternal praise to Thee,
Whose word can rouse the tempest's might,
Or still the raging sea!

THE THUNDER STORM.

DEEP, fiery clouds o'ercast the sky,
Dead stillness reigns in air,
There is not e'en a breeze on high,
The gossamer to bear.

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The woods are hush'd, the waves at rest,
The lake is dark and still,
Reflécting on its shadowy breast,
Each form of rock and hill.

The lime-leaf waves not in the grove,
No rose-tree in the bower;
The birds have ceased their songs of love,
Awed by the threatening hour.

'T is noon;—yet Nature's calm profound
Seems as at midnight deep;
—But hark! what peal of awful sound
Breaks on creation's sleep?

The thunder bursts!—its rolling might
Seems the firm hills to shake;
And in terrific splendour bright,
The gathered lightnings break.

Yet shrink not, fear not thou, my child!
Though by the bolt's descent
Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,
And the wide forests rent.

Doth not thy God behold thee still,
With all-surveying eye?
Doth not his bower all nature fill,
Around, beneath, on high?

Know, hadst thou eagle-pinions free,
To track the realms of air,
Thou couldst not reach a spot where He
Would not be with thee there!

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In the wide city's peopled towers,
  On the vast ocean's plains,
'Midst the deep woodland's loneliest bowers,
  Alike th' Almighty reigns!

Then fear not, though the angry sky
  A thousand darts should cast;—
Why should we tremble e'en to die,
  And be with *Him* at last?

THE BIRDS.

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?——*St. Luke*, xii. 6.

Tribes of the air! whose favour'd race
May wander through the realms of space,
  Free guests of earth and sky;
In form, in plumage, and in song,
What gifts of nature mark your throng
  With bright variety!

Nor differ less your forms, your flight,
Your dwellings hid from hostile sight,
  And the wild haunts ye love;
Birds of the gentle beak![1] how dear
Your wood-note, to the wanderer's ear,
  In shadowy vale or grove!

[1] The Italians call all singing-birds, *Birds of the gentle beak.*

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Far other scenes, remote, sublime,
Where swain or hunter may not climb,
The mountain-eagle seeks;
Alone he reigns, a monarch there,
Scarce will the chamois' footstep dare
Ascend his Alpine peaks.

Others there are, that make their home
Where the white billows roar and foam,
Around th' o'erhanging rock;
Fearless they skim the angry wave,
Or, shelter'd in their sea-beat cave,
The tempest's fury mock.

Where Afric's burning realm expands,
The ostrich haunts the desert sands,
Parch'd by the blaze of day;
The swan, where northern rivers glide
Through the tall reeds that fringe their tide,
Floats graceful on her way.

The condor, where the Andes tower,
Spreads his broad wing of pride and power,
And many a storm defies;
Bright in the orient realms of morn,
All beauty's richest hues adorn
The bird of Paradise.

Some, amidst India's groves of palm,
And spicy forests breathing balm,
Weave soft their pendent nest;
Some, deep in western wilds, display
Their fairy form and plumage gay,
In rainbow colours drest.

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Others no varied song may pour,
May boast no eagle-plume to soar,
No tints of light may wear;
Yet, know, our Heavenly Father guides
The least of these, and well provides
For each, with tenderest care.

Shall He not then thy guardian be?
Will not his aid extend to *thee?*
Oh! safely may'st thou rest!
Trust in his love, and e'en should pain,
Should sorrow tempt thee to complain,
Know, what He wills is best!

THE SKY-LARK.

The Sky-lark, when the dews of morn
Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,
And violets round his nest exhale
Their fragrance on the early gale,
To the first sunbeam spreads his wings,
Buoyant with joy, and soars, and sings.

He rests not on the leafy spray,
To warble his exulting lay,
But high above the morning cloud
Mounts, in triumphant freedom proud,
And swells, when nearest to the sky,
His notes of sweetest ecstasy.

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Thus, my Creator! thus the more
My spirit's wing to Thee can soar,
The more she triumphs to behold
Thy love in all thy works unfold,
And bids her hymns of rapture be
Most glad, when rising most to Thee.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

When twilight's grey and pensive hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar;

When gathering shades the landscape veil,
And peasants seek their village-dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies;

When evening's primrose opes, to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed;
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's sight;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale;
And from a hermitage of shade
Fills with her voice the forest-glade.

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And sweeter far than melting voice,
Than all which through the day rejoice;
And still shall bard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in Heaven! oh! thus, when day
With all its cares hath pass'd away,
And silent hours waft peace on earth,
And hush the louder strains of mirth;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer
To Thee my spirit's offering bear;
Yon star, my signal, set on high,
For vesper-hymns of piety.

So may thy mercy and thy power
Protect me though the midnight hour;
And balmy sleep and visions blest
Smile on thy servant's bed of rest

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXLVIII.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Praise ye the Lord! on every height
Songs to his glory raise!
Ye angel-hosts, ye stars of light,
Join in immortal praise!

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Oh! heaven of heavens! let praise far-swelling
From all your orbs be sent!
Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling
Above the firmament!

For His the word which gave you birth,
And majesty and might;
Praise to the Highest from the earth,
And let the deeps unite!

Oh! fire and vapour, hail and snow,
Ye servants of His will;
Oh! stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfil:

Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise;
Fair cedars of the wood;
Creatures of life, that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food;

Judges of nations; kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high;
Oh! youths and virgins of the land,
Oh! age and infancy;

Praise ye *His* name, to whom alone
All homage should be given;
Whose glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven!

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THE NORTHERN SPRING.

When the soft breath of Spring goes forth
Far o'er the mountains of the North,
How soon those wastes of dazzling snow
With life, and bloom, and beauty glow!

Then bursts the verdure of the plains,
Then break the streams from icy chains;
And the glad rein-deer seeks no more
Amidst deep snows his mossy store.

Then the dark pine-wood's boughs are seen
Array'd in tints of living green;
And roses, in their brightest dyes,
By Lapland's founts and lakes arise.

Thus, in a moment, from the gloom
And the cold fetters of the tomb,
Thus shall the blest Redeemer's voice
Call forth his servants to rejoice.

For He, whose word is truth, hath said,
His power to life shall wake the dead,
And summon those he loves, on high,
To "put on immortality!"

Then, all its transient sufferings o'er,
On wings of light the soul shall soar,
Exulting, to that blest abode,
Where tears of sorrow never flow'd.

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DE CHATILLON;

OR,

THE CRUSADERS.

A TRAGEDY.

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

(283)

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RAIMER DE CHATILLON,	*A French Baron.*
AYMER,	*His Brother.*
MELECH,	*A Saracen Emir.*
HERMAN, DU MORNAY,	*Knights.*
GASTON,	*A Vassal of Raimer's.*
URBAN,	*A Priest.*
SADI,	
MORAIMA,	*Daughter of Melech.*

Knights, Arabs, Citizens, &c.

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DE CHATILLON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before the gates of a City in Palestine.*

URBAN, PRIESTS, CITIZENS, *at the gates. Others looking from the walls above.*

Urb. (*to a* CITIZEN *on the walls above.*) You see
their lances glistening? You can tell
The way they take?
Cit. Not yet. Their march is slow;
They have not reach'd the jutting cliff, where first
The mountain path divides.
Urb. And now?
Cit. The wood
Shuts o'er their track. Now spears are flashing out—
It is the banner of De Chatillon.
(*Very slow and mournful military music without.*)
This way! they come this way!
Urb. All holy saints
Grant that they pass us not! Those martial sounds
Have a strange tone of sadness! Hark! they swell
Proudly, yet full of sorrow.

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[*Knights, Soldiers, &c. enter, with* RAIMER DE CHATILLON.]

Welcome, knights!
Ye bring us timely aid! men's hearts were full
Of doubt and terror. Brave De Chatillon!
True soldier of the Cross! I welcome thee;
I greet thee with all blessing! Where thou art
There is deliverance!

Rai. (*bending to receive the Priest's blessing.*)
Holy man, I come
From a lost battle.

Urb. And thou bring'st the heart
Whose spirit yields not to defeat.

Rai. I bring
My father's bier.

Urb. His bier!—I marvel not
To see your brow thus darken'd!—And he died
As he had lived, in arms?

Rai. (*gloomily.*) Not, not in arms—
His war-cry had been silenced. Have ye place
Amidst your ancient knightly sepulchres
For a warrior with his sword?—He bade me bear
His dust to slumber here.

Urb. And it shall sleep
Beside our noblest, while we yet can call
One holy place our own!—Heard you, my lord,
That the fierce Kaled's host is on its march
Against our city?

Rai. (*with sudden exultation.*) That were joy to know!
That were proud joy!—who told it?—there's a weight

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That must be heaved from off my troubled heart
By the strong tide of battle!—Kaled!—Ay,
A gallant name!—how heard you?
Urb. Nay, it seem'd
As if a breeze first bore the rumour in.
I know not how it rose; but now it comes
Like fearful truth, and we were sad, thus left
Hopeless of aid or counsel—till we saw——
Rai. (*hastily.*) You have my brother here?
Urb. (*with embarrassment.*) We have—but he——
Rai. But he—but he!—Aymer de Chatillon!
The fiery knight—the very soul o' the field—
Rushing on danger with the joyous step
Of a hunter o'er the hills!—is *that* a tone
Wherewith to speak of *him?*—I heard a tale—
If it be true—nay, tell me!
Urb. He is here;
Ask *him* to tell thee——
Rai. —If that tale be true—
(*he turns suddenly to his companions.*)
—Follow me!—give the noble dead his rites,
And we will have our day of vengeance yet,
Soldiers and friends! [*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene II.—*A Hall of Oriental architecture, opening upon gardens. A fountain in the centre.*

Aymer de Chatillon—Moraima.

Mor. (*bending over a couch on which her brother is sleeping.*) He sleeps so calmly now; the soft wind here

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Brings in such lulling sounds!—Nay, think you not
This slumber will restore him? See you not
His cheek's faint glow?

Aym. (*turning away.*) It was *my* sword which gave
The wound he dies from!

Mor. Dies from! say not so!
The brother of my childhood and my youth,
My heart's first friend!—Oh! I have been too weak,
I have' delay'd too long!—*He* could not sue,
He bade *me* urge the prayer he would not speak,
And I withheld it!—Christian, set us free!
You have been gentle with us! 'tis the weight,
The bitter feeling, of captivity
Which preys upon his life!

Aym. You would go hence?

Mor. For *his* sake!

Aym. You would leave me! 'tis too late!
You see it not—you know not, that your voice
Hath power in its low mournfulness to shake
Mine inmost soul?—That you but look on me,
With the soft darkness of your earnest eyes,
And bid the world fade from me, and call up
A thousand passionate dreams, which wrap my life,
As with a troubled cloud?—The very sound
Of your light step hath made my heart o'erflow
Even unto aching, with the sudden gush
Of its deep tenderness!—You know it not?
—Moraima!—speak to me!

Mor. (*covering herself with her veil.*) I can but weep!
Is it even so?—this love was born for tears!
Aymer! I can but weep! (*going to leave him, he detains her.*)

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Aym. Hear me, yet hear me!—I was rear'd in arms,
And the proud blast of trumpets, and the shouts
Of banner'd armies, these were joy to me,
Enough of joy! Till you—I look'd on you—
We met where swords were flashing, and the light
Of burning towers glared wildly on the slain—
And then——

Mor. (*hurriedly.*) Yes! then you saved me!

Aym. Then I knew
At once, what springs of deeper happiness
Lay far within my soul—and they burst forth
Troubled and dash'd with fear—yet sweet!—I loved!
Moraima! leave me not!

Mor. For *us* to love!
Oh! is't not taking sorrow to our hearts,
Binding her there.—I know not what I say!
How shall I look upon my brother? Hark!
Did he not call? (*she goes up to the couch.*)

Aym. Am I beloved? She wept
With a full heart!—I am! and such deep joy
Is found on earth! If I should lose her now!
If aught——(*an attendant enters.*)
(*To attendant.*) You seek me! why is this?

Att. My Lord,
Your brother and his knights.

Aym. Here! are they here?
The knights—my brother—said'st thou?

Att. Yes, my Lord,
And he would speak with you.

Aym. I see—I know
(*To attendant.*) Leave me! I know why he is come—
'tis vain,

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They shall not part us! (*looking back on Moraima as he goes out.*)
What a silent grace
Floats round her form!—They shall not part us! no!
[*Exit—Scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*A square of the city—a church in the background.*

RAIMER DE CHATILLON.

RAIMER (*walking to and fro impatiently.*)
And now, too, now! My father unavenged,
Our holy places threaten'd, every heart
Task'd to its strength? A knight of Palestine
Now to turn dreamer, to melt down his soul
In lovelorn sighs; and for an infidel!
—Will he lift up his eyes to look on mine?
Will he not—hush!

[AYMER *enters. They look on each other for a moment without speaking.*]

Rai. (*suppressing his emotion.*) So brothers meet! you know
Wherefore I come?

Aym. It cannot be, 'tis vain.
Tell me not of it!

Rai. How! you have not heard?
(*turning from him.*
He hath so shut the world out with his dreams,
The tidings have not reach'd him! or perchance
Have been forgotten! You have captives here?

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Aym. (*hurriedly.*) Yes, mine! my own—won by
the right of arms!
You dare not question it.
Rai. A prince, they say,
And his fair sister—*is* the maid so fair?
Aym. (*turning suddenly upon him.*) What, *you*
would see her!
Rai. (*scornfully.*) I!—Oh, yes! to quell
My soul's deep yearnings!—Let *me* look on swords.
—Boy, boy! recall yourself!—I come to you
With the last blessing of our father!
Aym. Last!
His last!—how mean you?—Is he——
Rai. Dead?—yes! dead.
He died upon my breast.
Aym. (*with the deepest emotion.*) And I was *here!*
Dead!—and upon *your* breast!—*You* closed his
eyes—
While I—he spoke of me?
Rai. With such deep love!
He ever loved you most!—his spirit seem'd
To linger for your coming.
Aym. What! he thought
That I was on my way!—He look'd for me?
And I——
Rai. You came not!—I had sent to you,
And told you he was wounded.
Aym. Yes—but not—
Not *mortally!*
Rai. 'Twas not that outward wound—
That might have closed; and yet he surely thought
That you would come to him! He call'd on you

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When his thoughts wander'd!—Ay, the very night,
The very hour he died—some hasty step
Enter'd his chamber—and he raised his head,
With a faint lightning in his eyes, and ask'd
If it were yours!—That hope's brief moment pass'd—
He sank then.—

Aym. (*throwing himself upon his brother's neck,*)
Brother! take me to his grave,
That I may kneel there, till my burning tears,
With the strong passion of repentant love,
Wring forth a voice to pardon me!

Rai. You weep!
—*Tears* for the garlands on a maiden's grave!
You know not *how* he died!

Aym. Not of his wound?

Rai. His wound!—it is the silent spirit's wound,
We cannot reach to heal!—One burning thought
Prey'd on his heart.

Aym. Not—not—he had not heard—
He bless'd *me*, Raimer?

Rai. Have you flung away
Your birthright?—Yes! he bless'd you!—but he died
—He whose name stood for Victory's—he believed
The ancient honour from his grey head fall'n,
And died—he died of *shame!*

Aym. What feverish dreams—

Rai. (*vehemently.*) Was it not lost, the warrior's latest field,
The noble city held for Palestine
Taken—the Cross laid low?—I came too late
To turn the tide of that disastrous fight,
But not to rescue him. We bore him thence
Wounded upon his shield—

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Aym. And I was *here!*

Rai. He cast one look back on his burning towers,
Then threw the red sword of a hundred fields
To the earth—and hid his face!—I knew, I knew
His heart was broken!—Such a death for *him!*
—The wasting—the sick loathing of the sun—
Let the foe's charger trample out my life,
Let me not die of *shame!*—But we will have——

Aym. (*grasping his hand eagerly.*) Yes! vengeance!

Rai. Vengeance!—By the dying once,
And once before the dead, and yet once more
Alone with Heaven's bright stars, I took that vow
For *both* his sons!—Think of it, when the night
Is dark around you, and in festive halls
Keep your soul hush'd, and think of it!

(*A low chant of female voices, heard from behind the scenes.*)

Fall'n is the flower of Islam's race,
Break ye the lance he bore,
And loose his war-steed from its place,
He is no more—

(*Single voice.*) No more!

Weep for him mother, sister, bride!
He died, with all his fame—

(*Single voice.*) He died!

Aym. (*Pointing to a palace, and eagerly speaking to his attendant, who enters.*)
Came it not thence?—Rudolf, what sounds are these?

Att. The Moslem Prince—your captive—he is dead.

It is the mourners' wail for him.

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Aym. And she—
His sister—heard you—did they say she wept!
[*Hurrying away.*

Rai. (*indignantly.*) All the deep-stirring tones of Honour's voice
In a moment silenced! [*Solemn military music.*
(*A funeral procession, with priests, &c., crosses the background to enter the church.*)

Rai. (*following* AYMER *and grasping his arm.*) Aymer! there, look there
It is your father's bier!

Aym. (*returning.*) He bless'd me, Raimer?
You heard him bless me?—Yes! *you* closed his eyes,
He look'd for me in vain!
[*He goes to the bier, and bends over it, covering his face.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the citadel.*

RAIMER, AYMER, *Knights, assembled in Council.*

A Knight. What! with our weary and distracted bands
To dare another field!—Nay, give them rest.

Rai. (*impatiently.*) Rest! and that sleepless thought——

Knight. These walls have strength
To baffle siege. Let the foe gird us in—

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We must wait aid; our soldiers must forget
That last disastrous day.
Rai. (*coming forward.*) If they forget it, in the combat's press
May their spears fail them!
Knight. Yet, bethink thee, chief.
Rai. When *I* forget it—how! you see not, knights!
Whence we must *now* draw strength. Send down your thoughts
Into the very depths of grief and shame,
And bring back courage *thence!* To talk of *rest!*
How do they rest, unburied on their field,
Our brethren slain by Gaza? Had we time
To give them funeral rites? and ask we now
Time to *forget* their fall? My father died—
I cannot speak of him! What! and *forget*
The infidel's fierce trampling o'er our dead?
Forget his scornful shout? Give battle now,
While the thought lives as fire lives!—*there* lies strength!
Hold the dark memory fast! Now, now—this hour!
Aymer, you do not speak!
Aym. (*starting.*) Have I not said?
Battle!—yes, give us battle!—room to pour
The troubled spirit forth upon the winds,
With the trumpet's ringing blast! Way for remorse!
Free way for vengeance!
All the Knights. Arm! Heaven wills it so!
Rai. Gather your forces to the western gate!
Let none forget that day! Our field was lost,
Our city's strength laid low—one mighty heart
Broken! Let none forget it! [*Exeunt.*

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Scene II.—*Garden of a Palace.*

Moraima.

Mor. Yes! his last look—my brother's dying look
Reproach'd me as it faded from his face.
And I deserved it! Had I not given way
To the wild guilty pleadings of my heart,
I might have won his freedom! Now, 'tis past.
He *is* free now!

[Aymer *enters, armed as for battle.*

Aymer! you look so changed!

Aym. Changed!—it may be. A storm o' the soul goes by
Not like a breeze! There's such a fearful grasp
Fix'd on my heart! Speak to me—lull *remorse!*
Bid me farewell!

Mor. Yes! it *must* be farewell!
No other word but that.

Aym. No other word!
The passionate, burning words that I could pour
From my heart's depths! 'Tis madness! What have I
To do with love? I see it all—the mist
Is gone—the bright mist gone! I see the woe,
The ruin, the despair! And yet I love,
Love wildly, fatally!—But speak to me!
Fill all my soul once more with reckless joy!
That blessed voice again!

Mor. Why, why is this?
Oh! send me to my father! We must part.

Aym. Part!—yes, I know it all! I could not go

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Till I had seen you!—Give me one farewell,
The last—perchance the last!—but one farewell,
Whose mournful music I may take with me
Through tumult, horror, death!

[*A distant sound of trumpets.*

Mor. (*starting.*) You go to battle!

Aym. Hear you not that sound?
Yes! I go *there*, where dark and stormy thoughts
Find their free path!

Mor. Aymer! who leads the foe?
(*Confused.*) I meant—I mean—my people!—Who is he,
My people's leader?

Aym. Kaled. (*looking at her suspiciously.*) How!—you seem—
The name disturbs you!

Mor. My last brother's name!

Aym. Fear not *my* sword for him!

Mor. (*turning away.*) If they should meet!
I know the vow he made. (*To* AYMER)
If thou—if *thou*
Should'st fall!

Aym. Moraima! then your blessed tears
Would flow for me? then you would weep for me?

Mor. I must weep tears of very shame—and yet—
If—if your words have been love's own true words,
Grant me one boon! [*Trumpet sounds again.*

Aym. Hark! I must hence—a boon!
Ask it, and hold its memory to your heart,
As the last token, it may be, of love
So deep and sad.

Mor. Pledge me your knightly faith!

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Aym. My knightly faith, my life, my honour—all,
I pledge thee all to grant it!
Mor. Then, to-day,
Go not *this* day to battle!—He is there,
My brother Kaled!
Aym. (*wildly.*) Have I flung my sword
Down to dishonour?
[*Going to leave her—she detains him.*
Mor. Oh! your name hath stirr'd
His soul amidst his tents, and he had vow'd
Long ere we met, to cross his sword with yours,
Till one or both should fall. There hath been *death*
Since then, amongst us; he will seek *revenge*,
And *his* revenge—forgive me!—oh! forgive!
—I could not bear *that* thought!
Aym. Now must the glance
Of a brave man strike me to the very dust!
Ay, this is *shame.* [*Covering his face.*
(*Turning wildly to Moraima.*) *You* scorn me too?
Away!—She does not know
What she hath done! [*Rushes out.*

SCENE III.—*Before a gateway within the city.*

RAIMER, HERMAN, *Knights, Men-at-arms, &c.*

Her. 'Tis past the hour.
Rai. (*looking out anxiously.*) Away! 'tis *not* the hour!
Not yet!—When was the battle's hour delay'd

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For a Chatillon? We must have come too soon!
All are not here.

Her. Yes, all!

Rai. They came too soon!
(*Going up to the knights.*) Couci, De Foix, Du Mornay—here, all here!
And *he* the last!—*my* brother! (*To a Soldier.*) Where's your lord?
(*Turning away.*) Why should I ask, when that fair infidel!——
[AYMER *enters.*
The Saracen at our gates—and *you* the last!
Come on, remember all your fame!

Aym. (*coming forward in great agitation.*) My fame!
—Why did you save me from the Paynim's sword,
In my first battle?

Rai. What wild words are these?

Aym. You should have let me perish then—yes, *then!*
Go to your field and leave me!

Knights (*thronging round him.*) Leave you!

Rai. Aymer!
Was it *your* voice?

Aym. *Now* talk to me of fame!
Tell me of all my warlike ancestors
And of my father's death—that bitter death!
Never did pilgrim for the fountains thirst
As I for this day's vengeance!—To your field!
—I may not go!

Rai. (*turning from him.*) The name his race hath borne
Through a thousand battles—lost!

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[*Returning to* AYMER.
A Chatillon!
Will you *live* and wed dishonour?
Aym. (*covering his face.*) Let the grave
Take me and cover me!—I must go down
To its rest without my sword!
Rai. There's some dark spell upon him! Aymer, brother!
Let *me* not die of shame!—He that died so
Turn'd sickening from the sun!
Aym. Where should I turn?
[*Going up abruptly to the knights.*
Herman—Du Mornay! ye have stood with me
I' the battle's front—ye know me!—ye have seen
The fiery joy of danger bear me on,
As a wind the arrow!—Leave me now—'tis past!
Rai. (*with bitterness.*) He comes from *her!*—the infidel hath *smiled,*
Doubtless, for this.
Aym. I should have been to-day
Where shafts fly thickest, and the crossing swords
Cannot flash out for blood!—hark! you are call'd!
[*Wild Turkish music heard without. The background of the scene becomes more and more crowded with armed men.*
Lay lance in rest!—wave, noble banners, wave!
[*Throwing down his sword.*
Go from me!—leave the fallen!—
Her. Nay, but the cause?
Tell us the cause!
Rai. (*approaching him indignantly.*) Your sword—your crested helm

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And your knight's mantle—cast them down! your name
Is in the dust!—our father's name!—the cause?
—Tell it not, tell it not!
[*Turning to the soldiers and waving his hand.*
Sound, trumpets, sound!
On, lances, for the Cross!
[*Military music. As the knights march out, he looks back at* AYMER.
I would not now
Call back my noble father from the dead,
If I could with but a breath!—Sound, trumpets, sound! [*Exeunt knights and soldiers.*

Aym. Why should I bear this shame?—'tis not too late!
[*Rushing after them—he suddenly checks himself.*
My faith!—my knightly faith pledged to my fall!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before a Church.*

Groups of Citizens passing to and fro. AYMER *standing against one of the pillars of the Church in the background, and leaning on his sword.*

1*st Cit.* (*to* 2*d.*) From the walls?—how goes the battle?
2*d Cit.* Well, all well,
Praise to the Saints!—I saw De Chatillon

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Fighting, as if upon his single arm
The fate o' the day were set.
3d Cit. Shame light on those
That strike not with him in their place!
1st Cit. You mean
His brother?—Ay, is't not a fearful thing
That one of such a race—a brave one too—
Should have thus fallen?
2d Cit. They say the captive girl
Whom he so loved, hath won him from his faith
To the vile Paynim creed.
Aym. (*suddenly coming forward.*) Who dares say *that?*
Show me who dares say that!
[*They shrink back—he laughs scornfully.*
Ha! ha! ye thought
To play with a sleeper's name!—to make your mirth
As low-born men sit by a tomb, and jest
O'er a dead warrior! Where's the slanderer? Speak!

A CITIZEN *enters hastily.*

Cit. Haste to the walls!—De Chatillon hath slain
The Paynim chief! [*They all go out.*
Aym. Why should they shrink?—I, I should ask the night
To cover me!—I that have flung my name
Away to scorn!—Hush! am I not alone?
[*Listening eagerly.*
There's a voice calling me—a voice i' the air—
My father's!—'Twas my father's! Are the dead
Unseen, yet with us?—fearful!
[*Loud shouts without, he rushes forward exultingly.*

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'Tis the shout
Of victory!—We have triumph'd!
We!—my place
Is 'midst the fallen!

[*Music heard, which approaches, swelling into a triumphant march. Knights enter in procession, with banners, torch-bearers, &c. The gates of the church are thrown open, and the altar, tombs, &c. within, are seen illuminated. Knights pass over, and enter the church. One of them takes a torch, and lifts it to Aymer's face in passing. He strikes it down with a sword; then seeing* RAIMER *approach, drops the sword, and covers his face.*

Aym. (*grasping* RAIMER *by the mantle, as he is about to pass.*) Brother! forsake me not!

Rai. (*suddenly drawing his sword, and showing it him.*) *My* sword is red
With victory and revenge!—look—dyed to the hilt!
—We fought—and where were you?

Aym. Forsake me not!

Rai. (*pointing with his sword to the tombs within the church.*) Those are proud tombs!—the dead, the glorious dead,
Think you they sleep, and know not of their sons
In the mysterious grave?—We laid *him* there!
—Before the ashes of your father, speak!
Have you abjured your faith?

Aym. (*indignantly.*) Your name is mine—your blood—and you ask *this!*
Wake *him* to hear me answer!—have you—No!
—You have not *dared* to think it.

[*Breaks from him, and goes out.*

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Rai. (*entering the church, and bending over one of the tombs.* Not yet lost!
Not yet *all* lost!—He shall be thine again!
So shalt thou sleep in peace!

[*Music and chorus of voices from the church.*

Praise, praise to Heaven!
Sing of the conquer'd field, the Paynim flying,
Light up the shrines, and bid the banners wave!
Sing of the warrior, for the red-cross dying,
Chaunt a proud requiem o'er his holy grave!
Praise, praise to Heaven!
Praise!—lift the song through night's resounding sky!
Peace to the valiant for the Cross that die!
Sleep soft, ye brave!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A platform before the Citadel. Knights entering.*

Her. (*to one of the Knights.*) You would plead for him?
Knight. Nay, remember all
His past renown!
Her. I had a friend in youth—
This Aymer's father had *him* shamed for less
Than his son's fault—far less!—
We must accuse him—he must have his shield
Reversed—his name degraded.
Knight. He might yet—

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All the Knights. **Must his shame cleave to *us?*—**
We cast him forth—
We will not bear it.

RAIMER *enters.*

Rai. Knights! ye speak of *him*—
My brother—was't not so?—All silent!—Nay,
Give your thoughts breath!—What said ye?
Her. That his name
Must be degraded.
Rai. Silence! ye disturb
The dead—thou hear'st, my father!
[*Going up indignantly to the Knights.*
Which of ye
Shall first accuse him? He whose bold step won
The breach at Ascalon ere Aymer's step,
Let him speak first!
He that plunged deeper through the stormy fight,
Thence to redeem the banner of the Cross,
On Cairo's plain, let him speak first! or he
Whose sword burst swifter o'er the Saracen,
I' the rescue of our king, by Jordan's waves,
I say, let him speak first!
Her. Is he not an apostate?
Rai. No, no, no!
If he were *that*, had my life's blood that taint,
This hand should pour it out!—He is not *that.*
Her. Not yet.
Rai. Not yet, nor ever!—Let me die
In a lost battle first!
Her. Hath he let go

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Name—kindred—honour—for an infidel,
And will he grasp his faith?
Rai. (*after a gloomy pause.*) That which bears
poison—should it not be crush'd?
What though the weed look lovely?
[*Suddenly addressing one of the Knights.*
You have seen
My native halls, Du Mornay, far away
In Languedoc?
Knight. I was your father's friend—
I knew them well.
Rai. (*thoughtfully.*) The weight of gloom that
hangs—
The very banners seem to droop with it—
O'er some of those old rooms!—Were we there now,
With a dull wind heaving the pale tapestries,
Why, I could tell you—
[*Coming closer to the Knight.*
There's a dark-red spot
Grain'd in the floor of one—you know the tale?
Knight. I may have heard it by the winter fires,
—Now 'tis of things gone by.
Rai. (*turning from him displeased.*) Such legends
give
Some minds a deeper tone.
(*To* HERMAN.) If *you* had heard
That tale i' the shadowy tower——
Her. Nay, tell it now!
Rai. They say the place is haunted—moaning
sounds
Come thence at midnight—sounds of woman's voice.
Her. And you believe——

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Rai. I but believe the deed
Done there of old. I had an ancestor—
Bertrand, the lion-chief—whose son went forth
(A younger son—I am not of *his* line)
To the wars of Palestine. He fought there well—
Ay, all his race were brave; but he return'd,
And with a Paynim bride.

Her. The recreant!—say,
How bore your ancestor?

Rai. Well may you think
It chafed him—but he bore it—for the love
Of that fair son, the child of his old age.
He pined in heart, yet gave the infidel
A place in his own halls.

Her. But did this last?

Rai. How *should* it last? Again the trumpet blew,
And men were summon'd from their homes to guard
The city of the cross. But *he* seem'd cold—
That youth! he shunn'd his father's eye, and took
No armour from the walls.

Her. Had he then fallen?
Was his faith wavering?

Rai. So the father fear'd.

Her. If *I* had been that father——

Rai. Ay, *you* come
Of an honour'd lineage. What would you have done?

Her. Nay, what did *he?*

Rai. What did the lion-chief?
[*Turning to* Du Mornay.
Why, *thou* hast seen the very spot of blood

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On the dark floor!—He slew the Paynim bride;
Was it not well? (*He looks at them attentively, and as he goes out exclaims*—)
My brother must not fall!

Scene II.—*A deserted Turkish burying-ground in the city—tombs and stones overthrown—the whole shaded by dark cypress trees.*

Mor. (*leaning over a monumental pillar, which has been lately raised.*) *He* is at rest—and I—
is there no power
In grief to win forgiveness from the dead?
When shall I rest? Hark! a step—Aymer's step!
The thrilling sound!
[*She shrinks back as reproaching herself.*
To feel *that* joy even *here!*
Brother! oh, pardon me!

Rai. (*entering, and slowly looking round.*) A gloomy scene!
A place for—Is she not an infidel?
Who shall dare call it murder?
[*He advances to her slowly, and looks at her.*
She is fair—
The deeper cause! Maid, you have thought of death
'Midst these old tombs?

Mor. (*shrinking from him fearfully.*) This is my brother's grave.

Rai. *Thy* brother's!—that a warrior's grave had closed

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O'er *mine*—the free and noble knight he was!—
Ay, that the desert-sands had shrouded him
Before he look'd on thee!

Mor. If you are *his*—
If Aymer's brother—though your brow be dark,
I may not fear you!

Rai. No? why *thou* shouldst fear
The very dust o' the mouldering sepulchre,
If it had lived, and borne his name on earth!
Hear'st thou?—that dust hath stirr'd, and found a voice,
And said that thou must die!

Mor. (*clinging to the pillar as he approaches.*) Be with me, Heaven!
You will not *murder* me?

Rai. (*turning away.*) A goodly word
To join with a warrior's name!—a sound to make
Men's flesh creep. What!—for Paynim blood
Did *he* stand faltering thus—my ancestor—
In that old tower?

[*He again approaches her—she falls on her knees.*

Mor. So young, and thus to die!
Mercy—have mercy! In your own far land
If there be love that weeps and watches for you,
And follows you with prayer—even by that love
Spare me—for it is woman's! If light steps
Have bounded there to meet you, clinging arms
Hung on your neck, fond tears o'erflow'd your cheek,
Think upon those that loved you thus, for thus
Doth woman love! and spare me!—think on them;
They, too, may yet need mercy! Aymer, Aymer!
Wilt *thou* not hear and aid me?

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Rai. (*starting.*) There's a name
To bring back strength! Shall I not strike to save
His honour and his life? Were his *life* all——

Mor. To save his life and honour!—will my death——

[*She rises and stands before him, covering her face hurriedly.*

Do it with one stroke! I may not *live* for him!

Rai. (*with surprise.*) A woman meet death thus!

Mor. (*uncovering her eyes.*) Yet one thing more—
I have sisters and a father. Christian knight!
Oh! by your mother's memory, let them know
I died with a name unstain'd.

Rai. (*softened and surprised.*) And such high thoughts from *her!*—an infidel!
And she named my mother!—Once in early youth
From the wild waves I snatch'd a woman's life;
My mother bless'd me for it (*slowly dropping his dagger,*)—even with tears
She bless'd me. Stay, are there no other means?
(*Suddenly recollecting himself.*) Follow me, maiden!
Fear not now.

Mor. But he—
But Aymer—

Rai. (*sternly.*) Would'st thou perish?—name him not!—
Look not as if thou would'st! Think'st thou dark thoughts
Are blown away like dewdrops, or I, like him,
A leaf to shake and turn i' the changing wind?
Follow me, and beware!

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[She bends over the tomb for a moment, and follows him. AYMER *enters, and slowly comes forward from the background.*

Aym. For the last time—yes! it must be the last!
Earth and heaven say—the last! The very dead
Rise up to part us!—But *one* look—and then
She must go hence for ever! Will she weep?
It had been little to have *died* for her—
I have borne shame.
She shall know all!—Moraima!—said they not
She would be found here at her brother's grave?
Where should she go?—Moraima!—there's the print
Of her step—what gleams beside it?

[Seeing the dagger, he takes it up.

Ha! men work
Dark deeds with things like this!

[Looking wildly and anxiously around.

I see no —— blood!

[Looking at the dagger.

Stain'd?—it may be from battle—'tis not—wet.

[Looks round intently listening, then again examines the spot and suddenly exclaims—

Ha!—what is this!—another step in the grass!—
Hers and another's step!

[He rushes into the cypress grove.

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SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Citadel, hung with Arms and Banners.*

RAIMER—HERMAN—*Knights in the background, laying aside their Armour.*

Her. (*coming forward and speaking hurriedly.*)
Is it done?—Have you done it?
Rai. (*with disgust.*) What! you thirst
For blood so deeply?
Her. (*indignantly.*) Have you struck, and saved
The honour of your house?
Rai. (*thoughtfully to himself.*) The light i' the soul
Is such a wavering thing!—Have I done well?—
[*To* HERMAN.
Ask me not!—Never shall they meet again.
Is't not enough?

[AYMER *enters hurriedly with the dagger, and goes up with it to several of the knights, who begin to gather round the front.*

Aym. Whose is this dagger?
Rai. (*coming forward and taking it.*) Mine.
Aym. Yours! yours!—and know you where——
Rai. (*about to sheathe it, but stopping.*) Oh! you do well
So to remind me!—Yes! it must have lain
In the Moslem burial-ground—and that vile dust—
Hence with it!—'tis defiled. [*Throws it from him.*
Aym. If such a deed—
—Brother! where is she?
Rai. Who?—what knight hath lost
A Ladye-love?

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Aym. Could he speak thus, and wear
That scornful calm, if—no!—he is not calm—
What have you done?

Rai. (*aside.*) Yes! she shall die to him!

Aym. (*grasping his arm.*) What have you done?
—speak!

Rai. You should know the tale
Of our dark ancestor, the Lion-Chief,
And his son's bride.

Aym. Man! man! you *murder'd* her!
[*Sinking back.*
It grows so dark around me! She is dead!
(*Wildly.*) I'll not believe it!—No! she never look'd
Like what could die!
[*Coming up to his brother.*
If you have done that deed—

Rai. (*sternly.*) If I have done it, I have flung off shame
From my brave father's house!

Aym. (*in a low voice to himself.*) So young, and dead!—because I loved her—dead!
[*To* RAIMER.
Where is she, murderer? Let me see her face.
You think to hide it with the dust!—ha! ha!
The dust to cover *her!* We'll mock you still:
If I call her back, she'll come! Where is she?—speak!
Now, by my father's tomb, but I am calm.

Rai. Never more hope to see her!

Aym. Never more!
[*Sitting down on the ground.*
I loved her, so she perish'd.—All the earth

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Hath not another voice to reach my soul,
Now hers is silent!—Never, never more!
If she had but said—farewell!—(*Bewildered.*) It grows so dark!
This is some fearful dream. When the morn comes, I shall wake.—
—My life's bright hours are done!
Rai. I must be firm.
[*Takes a banner from the wall, and brings it to* AYMER.
Have you forgotten *this?* We thought it lost,
But it rose proudly waving o'er the fight
In a warrior's hand again!—Yours, Aymer, yours!
Brother! redeem your fame!——
Aym. (*putting it from him.*) The worthless thing!
Fame!—*she* is dead!—give a king's robe to one
Stretch'd on the rack! Hence with your pageantries,
Down to the dust!
Her. The banner of the Cross!
Shame on the recreant!—Cast him from us!
Rai. Boy!
Degenerate boy! *here,* with the trophies won
By the sainted chiefs of old in Paynim war
Above you and around; the very air
When it but shakes their armour on the walls,
Murmuring of glorious deeds; to sit and weep
Here for an Infidel! My father's son,
Shame! shame! deep shame!
Knights. Aymer de Chatillon!
Go from us, leave us!
Aym. (*starting up.*) Leave you! what! ye thought

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That I would stay to breathe the air *you* breathe!—
And fight by you! Murderers! I burst all ties!
[*Throws his sword on the ground before them.*
There's not a thing of the desert half so free!
[*To* RAIMER.
You have no brother! Live to need the love
Of a human heart, and steep your soul in fame
To still its restless yearnings! Die alone!
'Midst all your pomps and trophies—die alone!
[*Going out, he suddenly returns.*
Did she not call on me to succour her?
Kneel to you—plead for life?—The Voice of Blood
Follow you to your grave!— [*Exit.*

Rai. (*with emotion.*) Alas! my brother!
The time hath been, when in the face of Death
I have bid him leave me, and he would not!—
[*Turning to the Knights.*
Knights!
The Soldan marches for Jerusalem—
We'll meet him on the way.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Camp of* MELECH, *the Saracen Emir.*

MELECH—SADI—*Soldiers.*

Mel. Yes! he I mean—Raimer de Chatillon!
Go, send swift riders o'er the mountains forth,
And through the deserts, to proclaim the price
I set upon his life!

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Sadi. Thou gav'st the word
Before; it hath been done—they are gone forth.
Mel. Would that my soul could wing them!
Didst thou heed
To say his *life?*—I'll have my own revenge!
Yes! I would *save* him from another's hand!
Thou said'st he must be brought alive?
Sadi. I heard
Thy will, and I obey'd.
Mel. He slew my son—
That was in battle—but to shed *her* blood!
My child Moraima's! Could he see and strike her?
A Christian see her face, too! From my house
The crown is gone! Who brought the tale?
Sadi. A slave
Of your late son's, escaped.
Mel. Have I a son
Left? speak, the slave of which? Kaled is gone—
And Octar gone—both, both are fallen—
Both my young stately trees, and she my flower—
—No hand but mine shall be upon him, none!—
[*A sound of festive music without.*
What mean they there? [*An attendant enters.*
Att. Tidings of joy, my chief!
Mel. Joy!—is the Christian taken?
[Moraima *enters, and throws herself into his arms.*
Mor Father! father!
I did not think this world had yet so much
Of aught like happiness!
Mel. My own fair child!
Is it on *thee* I look indeed, my child?

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[*Turning to attendants.*

Away, there! — gaze not on us! — Do I hold
***Thee* in my arms! — They told me thou wert slain.**
Raimer de Chatillon, they said ——

Mor. (*hurriedly.*) Oh, no!
'T was he that sent thee back thy child, my father!

Mel. He! why, his brother Aymer still refused
A monarch's ransom for thee!

Mor. (*with a momentary delight.*) Did he thus?
[*Suddenly checking herself.*
— Yes! I knew well! — Oh! do not speak of him!

Mel. What! hath he wrong'd thee? — Thou hast suffer'd much
Amongst these Christians! Thou art changed, my child.
There 's a dim shadow in thine eye, where once —
— But they shall pay me back for all thy tears
With their best blood.

Mor. (*alarmed.*) Father! not so, not so!
They still were gentle with me. But I sat
And watch'd beside my dying brother's couch
Through many days: and I have wept since then —
Wept much.

Mel. Thy dying brother's couch! — yes, thou
Wert ever true and kind!

Mor. (*covering her face.*) Oh! praise me not!
Look gently on me, or I sink to earth;
Not thus

Mel. No praise! thou'rt faint, my child, and worn:
The length of way hath ——

Mor. (*eagerly.*) Yes! the way was long,
The desert's wind breathed o'er me. Could I rest?

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Mel. Yes! thou shalt rest within thy father's tent.
Follow me, gentle child! Thou look'st so changed.
Mor. (*hurriedly.*) The weary way,—the desert's burning wind—
[*Laying her hand on him as she goes out.*
Think thou no evil of those Christians, father!—
They were still kind.

SCENE II.—*Before a Fortress amongst Rocks, with a Desert beyond.—Military Music.*

RAIMER DE CHATILLON—*Knights—Soldiers.*

Rai. They speak of truce?
The Knights. Even so. Of truce between
The Soldan and our King.
Rai. Let him who fears
Lest the close helm should wear his locks away,
Cry "truce," and cast it off. I have no will
To change mine armour for a masquer's robe,
And sit at festivals. Halt, lances, there!
Warriors and brethren! hear.—I own no truce—
I hold my life but as a weapon now
Against the infidel! He shall not reap
His field, nor gather of his vine, nor pray
To his false gods—No! save by trembling stealth,
Whilst I can grasp a sword! Wherefore, noble friends,
Think not of truce with me!—but think to quaff
Your wine to the sound of trumpets, and to rest
In your girt hauberks, and to hold your steeds

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Barb'd in the hall beside you.—Now turn back
[*He throws a spear on the ground before them.*
Ye that are weary of your armour's load,
Pass o'er the spear, away!
They all shout. A Chatillon!
We'll follow thee, all! all!
Rai. A soldier's thanks!
[*Turns away from them agitated.*
There's one face gone, and that a brother's! (*Aloud.*)
War!—
War to the Paynim—war! March and set up
On our stronghold the banner of the Cross,
Never to sink!—
[*Trumpets sound. They march on, winding through the rocks with military music.*

Enter GASTON, *an aged vassal of* RAIMER'S, *as an armed follower*—RAIMER *addresses him.*

You come at last!—And she—where left you her?
The Paynim maid?
Gas. I found her guides, my lord,
Of her own race, and left her on the way
To reach her father's tents.
Rai. Speak low!—the tale
Must rest with us. It must be thought she *died*.
I can trust *you*.
Gas. Your father trusted me.
Rai. He did, he did!—my father! You have been
Long absent, and you bring a troubled eye
Back with you.—Gaston! heard you aught of *him?*
Gas. Whom means my lord?
Rai. (*impatiently.*) Old man, you know too well—
Aymer, my brother.

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Gas. I have seen him.
Rai. How!
Seen him! Speak on.
Gas. Another than my chief
Should have my life before the shameful tale!
Rai. Speak quickly.
Gas. In the desert, as I journey'd back,
A band of Arabs met me on the way,
And I became their captive. Till last night—
Rai. Go on!—Last night?
Gas. They slumber'd by their fires—
I could not sleep, when one—I thought him one
O' the tribe at first, came up and loosed my bonds,
And led me from the shadow of the tents,
Pointing my way in silence.
Rai. Well, and he—
You thought him one of the tribe.
Gas. Ay, till we stood
In the clear moonlight forth—and then, my lord——
Rai. You dare not say 'twas Aymer?
Gas. Woe and shame!
It was, it was!
Rai. In their vile garb too?
Gas. Yes,
Turban'd and robed like them.
Rai. What!—did he speak?
Gas. No word, but waved his hand,
Forbidding speech to me.
Rai. Tell me no more!—
Lost, lost—for ever lost!—He that was rear'd
Under my father's roof with me, and grew
Up by my side to glory!—lost—is this

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My work?—who dares to call it mine? And yet,
Had I not dealt so sternly with his soul
In its deep anguish——What! he wears their garb
In the face of Heaven? You saw the turban on him?
You should have struck him to the earth, and so
Put out our shame for ever!

Gas. Lift my sword
Against your father's son!

Rai. My father's son!
Ay, and so loved!—that yearning love for *him*
Was the last thing death conquer'd! see'st thou there?

[*The banner of the Cross is raised on the fortress.*

The very banner he redeem'd for us
I' the fight at Cairo! No! by yon bright sign
He shall not perish!—this way—follow me—
I'll tell thee of a thought. [*Suddenly stopping him.*
Take heed, old man!
Thou hast a fearful secret in thy grasp:
Let me not see thee wear mysterious looks—
But no! thou lov'st our name!—I'll trust thee,
Gaston!

SCENE III.—*An Arab Encampment round a few palm-trees in the Desert.—Watch-fires in the background.—Night.*

Several Arabs enter with AYMER.

Arab Chief. Thou hast fought bravely, stranger; now, come on
To share the spoil.

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Aym. I reck not of it. Go,
Leave me to rest.

Arab. Well, thou hast earn'd thy rest
With a red sabre. Be it as thou wilt.

[*They go out.—He throws himself under a palm-tree.*

Aym. This were an hour—if they would answer us,
—They from whose viewless world no answer comes—
To hear their whispering voices. Would they but
Speak once, and say they loved!
If I could hear thy thrilling voice once more,
It would be well with me. Moraima, speak!

[RAIMER *enters, disguised as a dervise.*

Moraima, speak!—No! the dead cannot love!

Rai. What doth the stranger here?—is there not mirth
Around the watch-fires yonder?

Aym. Mirth?—away!—
I've nought to do with mirth—begone!

Rai. They tell
Wild tales by that red light;—wouldst thou not hear
Of eastern marvels?

Aym. Hence!—I heed them not.

Rai. Nay then, hear *me!*

Aym. *Thee!*

Rai. Yes, I know a tale
Wilder than theirs.

Aym. (*raising himself in surprise.*) Thou know'st!—

Rai. (*without minding, continues.*) A tale of one,
Who flung in madness to the reckless deep
A gem beyond all price.

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Aym. *My* day is closed.
What is aught human unto me?
Rai. Yet mark!
His name was of the noblest—dost thou heed?—
Even in a land of princely chivalry;
Brightness was on it—but he cast it down.
Aym. I will not hear—speak'st *thou* of chivalry?
Rai. Yes! I have been upon thy native hills—
There's a grey cliff juts proudly from their woods,
Crown'd with baronial towers.—Rememberest thou?
And there's a chapel by the moaning sea—
Thou know'st it well—tall pines wave over it,
Darkening the heavy banners, and the tombs—
Is not the Cross upon thy fathers' tombs?—
Christian! what dost thou *here?*
Aym. (*starting up indignantly.*) Man! who art thou?
Thy voice disturbs my soul. Speak! I will know
Thy right to question *me.*
Rai. (*throwing off his disguise, stands before him in the full dress of a Crusader.*) My birthright!—look!
Aym. Brother! (*Retreating from him with horror.*)
—Her blood is on your hands!—keep back!
Rai. (*scornfully.*) Nay, keep the Paynim's garb from touching mine—
Answer me *thence!*—what dost thou here?
Aym. You shrink
From your own work!—you, that have made me thus!
Wherefore are you here? Are you not afraid
To stand beneath the awful midnight sky,
And you a murderer? Leave me.

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Rai. I lift up
No murderer's brow to Heaven!
Aym. You *dare* speak thus!—
Do not the bright stars, with their searching rays,
Strike through your guilty soul? Oh, no!—'tis well,
Passing well! Murder! Make the earth's harvests grow
With Paynim blood!—*Heaven* wills it!—The free air,
The sunshine—I forgot—they were not made
For infidels. Blot out the race from day!
Who talks of *murder?* Murder! when you die,
Claim your soul's place and happiness i' the name
Of that good deed! [*In a tone of deep feeling.*
If you had loved a flower,
I would not have destroy'd it!
Rai. (*with emotion.*) Brother!
Aym. (*impetuously.*) No!—
No brother now!—she knelt to you in vain;
And that hath set a gulf—a boundless gulf—
Between our souls. Your very face is changed—
There's a red cloud shadowing it: your forehead wears
The marks of blood—*her* blood!
[*In a triumphant tone.*
But you prevail not! You have made the dead
The mighty—the victorious! Yes! you thought
To dash her image into fragments down,
And you have given it power—such deep sad power
I see nought else on earth!
Rai. (*aside.*) I dare not say she lives.
[*To* AYMER, *holding up the cross of his sword.*
You see not *this!*
Once by our father's grave I ask'd, and here,

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I' the silence of the waste, I ask once more
Have you abjured your faith?

Aym. Why are you come
To torture me? No, no, I have not. No!
But you have sent the torrent through my soul,
And by their deep strong roots torn fiercely up
Things that were part of it — inborn feelings — thoughts —
I know not what I cling to!

Rai. Aymer! yet
Heaven hath not closed its gates! Return, return,
Before the shadow of the palm-tree fades
I' the waning moonlight. Heaven gives time. Return,
My brother! By our early days — the love
That nurtured us! — the holy dust of those
That sleep i' the tomb! — Sleep! no, they cannot sleep!
Doth the night bring no voices from the dead
Back on your soul?

Aym. (*turning from him.*) Yes — *hers!*

Rai. (*indignantly turning off.*) Why should I strive?
Why doth it cost me these deep throes to fling
A weed off? — [*Checking himself.*
Brother, hath the stranger come
Between our hearts for ever? Yet return —
Win back your fame, my brother!

Aym. Fame again!
Leave me the desert! — leave it me! I hate
Your false world's glittering draperies, that press down
The o'erlabour'd heart! They have crush'd mine. Your vain
And hollow-sounding words are wasted now:

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You should adjure me by the name of *him*
That slew his son's young bride!—our ancestor—
That were a spell! Fame! fame!—your hand hath rent
The veil from off your world! To speak of fame,
When the soul is parch'd like mine! Away!
I have join'd these men because they war with man
And all his hollow pomp! Will you go hence?
(*Fiercely.*) Why do I talk thus with a *murderer?* Ay,
This is the desert, where *true* words may rise
Up unto Heaven i' the stillness! Leave it me!—
The free wild desert! (*Arab Chief enters.*)
Stranger, we have shared
The spoil, forgetting not——A Christian here!
Ho! sons of Kedar!—'tis De Chatillon!
This way!—surround him! There's an Emir's wealth
Set on his life! Come on!

Several Arabs rush in and surround RAIMER, *who, after vainly endeavouring to force his way through them, is made prisoner. As they are leading him away,* AYMER, *who has stood for a moment as if bewildered, rushes forward, and strikes down one of the Arabs.*

Rai. And he stands there
To see me bought and sold! Death, death!—not chains!

Aym. Off from my brother, infidel!

[*The others hurry* RAIMER *away.*

(*Recollecting himself.*) Why, then, Heaven
Is just!—So! now I see it! Blood for blood!

[*Again rushing forward.*

No! he shall feel *remorse!*—I'll rescue him,
And make him weep for her! [*He goes out.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Hall in the Fortress occupied by* DE CHATILLON'S *followers.*

Knights listening to a Troubadour.

Her. No more soft strains of love. Good Vidal, sing
The imprison'd warrior's lay. There 's a proud tone
Of lofty sadness in it.

(TROUBADOUR *sings.*)

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound,
And the knight look'd down from the Paynim's tower,
And a Christian host in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice — be still.

"I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float.
Cease awhile clarion! clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice — be still!

"I am here with my heavy chain!
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host to its battle-plain!
Cease awhile, clarion! &c., &c.

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"Must I pine in my fetters here?
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear?
Cease awhile, clarion!" &c., &c.

[AYMER *enters hurriedly.*

Aym. Silence, thou minstrel, silence!
Her. Aymer, here!
And in that garb! Seize on the renegade!
Knights, he must die!
Aym. (*scornfully.*) Die! die!—the fearful threat!
To be thrust out of this same blessed world,
Your world—all yours! (*Fiercely.*) But I will *not* be made
A thing to circle with your *pomps* of death,
Your chains, and guards, and scaffolds! Back! I'll die
As the free lion dies!— [*Drawing his sabre.*
Her. What seek'st thou here?
Aym. Nought but to give your Christian swords a deed
Worthier than—where's your chief? in the Paynim's bonds!
Made the wild Arabs' prize!—Ay, Heaven is just!
If ye will rescue him, then follow me:
I know the way they bore him!
Her. Follow thee!
Recreant! deserter of thy house and faith!
To think true knights would follow *thee* again!
'Tis all some snare—away!
Aym. Some snare!—Heaven! Heaven!
Is my name sunk to this? Must men first crush
My soul, then spurn the ruin they have made?

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—Why, let him perish!—blood for blood!—must
earth cry out
In vain?—Wine, wine, we'll revel here!
On, minstrel, with thy song!
[*Minstrel continues the song.*
"They are gone, they have all pass'd by!
They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die!
Sound again, clarion! clarion, pour thy blast!
Sound, for the captive's dream of hope is past!"

Aym. (*starting up.*) That was the lay he loved
in our boyish days—
And he must die forsaken!—No, by Heaven
He shall not!—Follow me! I say your chief
Is bought and sold!—Is there no generous trust
Left in your souls? De Foix, I saved your life
At Ascalon! Du Mornay, you and I
On Jaffa's wall together set our breasts
Against a thousand spears! What! have I fought
Beside you, shared your cup, slept in your tents,
And ye can think— [*Dashing off his turban.*
Look on my burning brow!
Read if there's falsehood branded on it—read
The marks of treachery there!
Knights (*gathering round him, cry out.*) No, no,
come on!
To the rescue! lead us on! we'll trust thee still!
Aym. Follow, then!—this way—If I die for him,
There will be vengeance!—He shall think of me
To his last hour! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—*A Pavilion in the Camp of Melech.*

MELECH *and* SADI.

Mel. It must be that these sounds and sights of war
Shake her too gentle nature. Yes, her cheek
Fades hourly in my sight! What other cause—
None, none!—She must go hence! Choose from thy band
The bravest, Sadi! and the longest tried,
And I will send my child——

Voice without. Where is your chief?

[*Arab and Turkish Soldiers enter with* DE CHATILLON.

Arab Chief. The sons of Kedar's tribe have brought to the son
Of the Prophet's house a prisoner!

Mel. (*half drawing his sword.*) Chatillon!
That slew my boy! Thanks for the avenger's hour!
Sadi, their guerdon—give it them—the gold!
And me the vengeance!

[*Looking at* RAIMER, *who holds the upper fragment of his sword, and seems lost in thought.*) This is he
That slew my first-born!

Rai. (*to himself.*) Surely there leap'd up
A brother's heart within him! Yes, he struck
To the earth a Paynim——

Mel. (*raising his voice.*) Christian! thou hast been
Our nation's deadliest foe!

Rai. (*looking up and smiling proudly.*) 'Tis joy to hear
I have not lived in vain!

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Mel. Thou bear'st thyself
With a conqueror's mien! What is thy hope from me?

Rai. A soldier's death.

Mel. (*hastily.*) Then thou would'st *fear* a slave's?

Rai. Fear!—As if man's own spirit had not power
To make his death a triumph! Waste not words;
Let my blood bathe thine own sword. Infidel!
I slew thy son! (*Looking at his broken sword.*) Ay, there's the red mark here!

Mel. (*approaching him.*) Thou darest to tell me this! [*A tumult heard without, voices crying*—A Chatillon!

Rai. My brother's voice! *He is saved!*

Mel. (*calling.*) What, ho! my guards!

[AYMER *enters with the knights fighting their way through* MELECH'S *soldiers, who are driven before them.*

Aym. On with the war-cry of our ancient house,
For the Cross—De Chatillon!
(*Knights shout.*) For the Cross—De Chatillon!

[RAIMER *attempts to break from his guards.* SADI *enters with more Soldiers to the assistance of* MELECH. AYMER *and the Knights are overpowered.* AYMER *is wounded and falls.*

Mel. Bring fetters—bind the captives!

Rai. Lost—all lost!
No!—he is saved!

[*Breaking from his guards, he goes up to* AYMER.
Brother, my brother! hast thou pardon'd me

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That which I did to save thee? Speak!—forgive!

Aym. (*turning from him.*) Thou see'st I die for thee!—She is avenged!

Rai. I am no murderer!—hear me!—turn to me! We are parting by the grave!

[MORAIMA *enters veiled, and goes up to* MELECH.

Mor. Father!—O! look not sternly on thy child. I came to plead. They said thou hadst condemn'd A Christian knight to die——

Mel. Hence—to thy tent! Away—begone!

Aym. (*attempting to rise.*) Moraima!—hath her spirit come To make death beautiful? Moraima!—speak.

Mor. It was his voice!—Aymer!

[*She rushes to him, throwing aside her veil.*

Aym. Thou livest—thou livest! I knew thou could'st not die!—Look on me still. Thou livest!—and makest this world so full of joy— But I depart!

Mel. (*approaching her.*) Moraima!—hence! is this A place for thee?

Mor. Away! away! There is no place but this for me on earth! Where should I go? There is no place but this! My soul is bound to it!

Mel. (*to the Guards.*) Back, slaves, and look not on her! [*They retreat to the background.*

'Twas for this She droop'd to the earth.

Aym. Moraima, fare thee well!

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Think on me!—I have loved thee! I take hence
That deep love with my soul! for well I know
It must be deathless!

Mor. O! thou hast not known
What *woman's* love is! Aymer, Aymer, stay!
If I could die for thee! My heart is grown
So strong in its despair!

Rai. (*turning from them.*) And all the past
Forgotten!—our young days!—His last thoughts
hers!—
The Infidel's!

Aym. (*with a violent effort turning his head round.*)
Thou art no murderer! Peace
Between us—peace, my brother!—In our deaths
We shall be join'd once more!

Rai. (*holding the cross of the sword before him.*)
Look yet on this!

Aym. If thou hadst only told me that she lived!
—But our hearts meet at last!
[*Presses the cross to his lips.*
Moraima! save my brother! Look on me!
Joy—there is joy in death!
[*He dies on* RAIMER'S *arm.*

Mor. Speak—speak once more!
Aymer! how is it that I call on thee,
And that thou answerest not? Have we not loved?
Death! death!—and this is—death!

Rai. So thou art gone,
Aymer! I never thought to weep again—
But now—farewell!—Thou wert the bravest knight
That e'er laid lance in rest—and thou didst wear
The noblest form that ever woman's eye

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Dwelt on with love; and till that fatal dream
Came o'er thee!—Aymer! Aymer!—thou wert still
The most true-hearted brother!—there thou art
Whose breast was once my shield!—I never thought
That foes should see me weep! but there thou art,
Aymer, my brother!——

Mor. (*suddenly rising.*) With his last, last breath
He bade me save his brother!

[*Falling at her father's feet.*

Father, spare
The Christian—spare him!

Mel. For *thy* sake spare *him*
That slew thy father's son!—Shame to thy race!

[*To the Soldiers in the background.*

Soldiers! come nearer with your levell'd spears!
Yet nearer;—Gird him in!—my boy's young blood
Is on his sword.—Christian, abjure thy faith,
Or die—thine hour is come!

Rai. (*turning and throwing himself on the weapons of the Soldiers.*) Thou hast mine answer, Infidel!

[*Calling aloud to the Knights as he falls back.*

Knights of France!
Herman! De Foix! Du Mornay! be ye strong!
Your hour will come!

Must the old war-cry cease?

[*Half raising himself, and waving the Cross triumphantly.*

For the Cross—De Chatillon!

[*He dies.*

(*The Curtain falls.*)

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

FAIRY FAVOURS.

——— Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart:
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round. ———

Would'st thou wear the gift of immortal bloom?
Would'st thou smile in scorn at the shadowy tomb?
Drink of this cup! it is richly fraught
With balm from the gardens of genii brought;
Drink, and the spoiler shall pass thee by,
When the young all scatter'd like rose leaves lie.

And would not the youth of my soul be gone,
If the loved had left me, one by one?
Take back the cup that may never bless,
The gift that would make me brotherless;
How should I live, with no kindred eye
To reflect mine immortality?

Would'st thou have empire, by sign or spell,
Over the mighty in air that dwell?

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Would'st thou call the spirits of shore and steep
To fetch thee jewels from ocean's deep?
Wave but this rod, and a viewless band,
Slaves to thy will, shall around thee stand.

And would not fear, at my coming then,
Hush every voice in the homes of men?
Would not bright eyes in my presence quail?
Young cheeks with a nameless thrill turn pale?
No gift be mine that aside would turn
The human love for whose founts I yearn!

Would'st thou then read through the hearts of those
Upon whose faith thou hast sought repose?
Wear this rich gem! it is charm'd to show
When a change comes over affection's glow;
Look on its flushing or fading hue,
And learn if the trusted be false or true!

Keep, keep the gem, that I still may trust,
Though my heart's wealth be but pour'd on dust!
Let not a doubt in my soul have place,
To dim the light of a loved one's face;
Leave to the earth its warm sunny smile—
That glory would pass could I look on guile!

Say, then, what boon of my power shall be,
Favour'd of spirits! pour'd forth on thee?
Thou scornest the treasures of wave and mine,
Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,
Thou art fain with a mortal's lot to rest—
Answer me! how may I grace it best?

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Oh! give me no sway o'er the powers unseen,
But a human heart where my own may lean!
A friend, one tender and faithful friend,
Whose thoughts' free current with mine may blend,
And leaving not either on earth alone,
Bid the bright calm close of our lives be one!

I GO, SWEET FRIENDS!

I go, sweet friends! yet think of me
When spring's young voice awakes the flowers;
For we have wander'd far and free
In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

I go; but when you pause to hear,
From distant hills, the Sabbath-bell
On summer-winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then—I loved it well!

Forget me not around your hearth,
When cheerly smiles the ruddy blaze,
For dear hath been its evening mirth
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And oh! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to love and grief are stirr'd,
Think of me then!—I go, I go!

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ANGEL VISITS.

"No more of talk where God or angel guest
With man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast." MILTON.

ARE ye for ever to your skies departed?
Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more?
Ye, whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted
Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of yore?
Now are the fountains dried on that sweet spot,
And ye—our faded earth beholds you not!

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,
Man wander'd from his Paradise away;
Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,
Came down, high guests! in many a later day,
And with the patriarchs, under vine or oak,
'Midst noontide calm, or hush of evening, spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight darkness rending,
Came the rich mysteries to the sleeper's eye,
That saw your hosts ascending and descending
On those bright steps between the earth and sky:
Trembling he woke, and bow'd o'er glory's trace,
And worshipp'd, awe-struck, in that fearful place.

By Chebar's[1] brook ye pass'd, such radiance wearing
As mortal vision might but ill endure;
Along the stream the living chariot bearing,
With its high crystal arch, intensely pure!

[1] Ezekiel, chap. x.

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And the dread rushing of your wings that hour,
Was like the noise of waters in their power.

But in the Olive-mount, by night appearing,
'Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done!
Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,
Fraught with the breath of God, to aid his Son?
—Haply of those that, on the moon-lit plains,
Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours! your heavenly dwelling
Ye left, and by th' unseal'd sepulchral stone,
In glorious raiment, sat; the weepers telling,
That *He* they sought had triumph'd, and was gone!
Nor have ye left us for the brighter shore,
Your presence lights the lonely groves no more.

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,
With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet,
Though the fresh glory of those days be over,
When, 'midst the palm-trees, man your footsteps met?
Are ye not near when faith and hope rise high,
When love, by strength, o'ermasters agony?

Are ye not near when sorrow, unrepining,
Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave?
When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,
Lead on the march of death, serenely brave?
Dreams!—but a deeper thought our souls may fill—
One, One *is* near—a spirit holier still!

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IVY SONG.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING SOME IVY-LEAVES GATHERED FROM THE RUINED CASTLE OF RHEINFELS, ON THE RHINE.

O! how could Fancy crown with *thee*
In ancient days the God of Wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more.

The Roman on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
Entwined thee with exulting strains
Around the victor's tent:
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lovest the silent scene
Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past;
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast;
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair;
Thou, in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

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O! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath a blue Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry!
And, rear'd 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
To wave where banners waved of yore,
O'er towers that crest the noble Rhine,
Along his rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanish'd race—
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath pass'd, and left no trace.
But there thou art!—thy foliage bright
Unchanged the mountain storm can brave;
Thou, that wilt climb the loftiest height,
Or deck the humblest grave!

'Tis still the same! where'er we tread
The wrecks of human power we see—
The marvels of all ages fled,
Left to decay and thee!
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, grace, and strength;
Days pass—thou ivy never sere![1]—
And all is thine at length!

[1] "Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere."
LYCIDAS.

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TO ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

WHERE sucks the bee now?—Summer is flying,
Leaves round the elm-tree faded are lying;
Violets are gone from their grassy dell,
With the cowslip cups, where the fairies dwell;
The rose from the garden hath pass'd away—
Yet happy, fair boy, is thy natal day!

For love bids it welcome, the love which hath smiled
Ever around thee, my gentle child!
Watching thy footsteps, and guarding thy bed,
And pouring out joy on thy sunny head.
Roses may vanish, but *this* will stay—
Happy and bright is thy natal day!

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

THOU wakest from rosy sleep, to play
With bounding heart, my boy!
Before thee lies a long bright day
Of summer and of joy.

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream
To cloud thy fearless eye;
Long be it thus—life's early stream
Should still reflect the sky.

Yet, ere the cares of life lie dim
On thy young spirit's wings,

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Now in thy morn forget not Him
From whom each pure thought springs!

So, in the onward vale of tears,
Where'er thy path may be,
When strength hath bow'd to evil years,
He will remember thee!

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

Fear was within the tossing bark
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bow'd.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea—*be still!*

And the wind ceased—it ceased!—that word
Pass'd through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And fell beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast;
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past.

O Thou, that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,

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Send thy meek spirit forth in power,
Soft on our souls to brood!

That thou didst bow the billows' pride
Thy mandate to fulfil!
Oh, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, *"Peace, be still!"*

EPITAPH

OVER THE GRAVE OF TWO BROTHERS, A CHILD AND A YOUTH.

Thou, that canst gaze upon thine own fair boy,
And hear his prayer's low murmur at thy knee,
And o'er his slumber bend in breathless joy,
Come to this tomb! it hath a voice for thee!
Pray!—thou art blest—ask strength for sorrow's hour,
Love, deep as thine, lays here its broken flower.

Thou that art gathering from the smile of youth
Thy thousand hopes; rejoicing to behold
All the heart's depths before thee bright with truth,
All the mind's treasures silently unfold,
Look on this tomb!—for thee, too, speaks the grave,
Where God hath seal'd the fount of hope he gave.

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MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

Earth! guard what here we lay in holy trust,
That which hath left our home a darken'd place,
Wanting the form, the smile, now veil'd with dust;
The light departed with our loveliest face.
Yet from thy bonds our sorrow's hope is free—
We have but lent the beautiful to thee.

But thou, O Heaven! keep, keep what *thou* hast taken,
And with our treasure keep our hearts on high;
The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,
The faith, the love, the lofty constancy—
Guide us where these are with our sisters flown—
They were of Thee, and thou hast claim'd thine own!

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea,
For ever and the same!
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee;
Those thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hush'd is many a lovely one
Of mournfulness or mirth.

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The Dorian flute that sigh'd of yore
Along the wave, is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill.

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs pour'd,
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn that rang
O'er stream and mountain free;
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight hears the sound,
Even as first it roll'd.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
Where sceptred cities rose!
Thou speak'st of One who doth not change—
So may our hearts repose.

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THE CHILD AND DOVE.

SUGGESTED BY CHANTREY'S STATUE OF LADY LOUISA RUSSELL.

Thou art a thing on our dreams to rise,
'Midst the echoes of long-lost melodies,
And to fling bright dew from the morning back,
Fair form! on each image of childhood's track.

Thou art a thing to recall the hours
When the love of our souls was on leaves and flowers;
When a world was our own in some dim sweet grove,
And treasure untold in one captive dove.

Are they gone? can we think it, while *thou* art there,
Thou joyous child with the clustering hair?
Is it not spring that indeed breathes free
And fresh o'er each thought, while we gaze on thee?

No! never more may we smile as thou
Sheddest round smiles from thy sunny brow;
Yet something it is, in our hearts to shrine
A memory of beauty undimm'd as thine.

To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace,
To have linger'd before thee, and turn'd, and borne
One vision away of the cloudless morn.

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A DIRGE.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!—
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But oh!—a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own.

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE.

"O! fondly, fervently, those two had loved,
Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust;
Had watch'd bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful years;
——And thus they met."

"Haste, with your torches, haste! make firelight round!"—
They speed, they press—what hath the miner found?
Relic or treasure—giant sword of old?
Gems bedded deep—rich veins of burning gold?

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—Not so—the dead, the dead! An awe-struck band,
In silence gathering round the silent stand,
Chain'd by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath,
Before the thing that, in the might of death,
Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay—
A sleeper, dreaming not!—a youth with hair
Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair!)
O'er his cold brow: no shadow of decay
Had touch'd those pale bright features—yet he wore
A mien of other days, a garb of yore.
Who could unfold that mystery? From the throng
A woman wildly broke; her eye was dim,
As if through many tears, through vigils long,
Through weary strainings:—all had been for him!
Those two had loved!—And there he lay, the dead,
In his youth's flower—and she, the living, stood
With her grey hair, whence hue and gloss had fled—
And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood
Had long since ebb'd—a meeting sad and strange!
—O! are not meetings in this world of change
Sadder than partings oft! She stood there, still,
And mute, and gazing—all her soul to fill
With the loved face once more—the young, fair face,
'Midst that rude cavern, touch'd with sculpture's grace,
By torchlight and by death:—until at last
From her deep heart the spirit of the past
Gush'd in low broken tones:—"And there thou art!
And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part
As for a few brief hours!—My friend, my friend!
First-love, and only one! Is this the end
Of hope deferr'd, youth blighted? Yet thy brow

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Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek
Smiles—how unchanged!—while I, the worn, and weak,
And faded—oh! thou wouldst but scorn me now,
If thou couldst look on me!—a wither'd leaf,
Sear'd—though for thy sake—by the blast of grief!
Better to see thee thus! For thou didst go,
Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,
Unto the dead. My Ulric! through the night
How have I call'd thee! With the morning light
How have I watch'd for thee!—wept, wander'd, pray'd,
Met the fierce mountain-tempest, undismay'd,
In search of thee!—bound my worn life to one—
One torturing hope! Now let me die! 'Tis gone.
Take thy betroth'd!"—And on his breast she fell,
—Oh! since their youth's last passionate farewell,
How changed in all but love!—the true, the strong,
Joining in death whom life had parted long!
—They had one grave—one lonely bridal bed,
No friend, no kinsman there a tear to shed!
His name had ceased—*her* heart outlived each tie,
Once more to look on that dead face, and die!

ENGLISH SOLDIER'S SONG OF MEMORY.

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN!"

Sing, sing in memory of the brave departed,
Let song and wine be pour'd!
Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless-hearted,
Our brethren of the sword!

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Oft at the feast, and in the fight, their voices
Have mingled with our own;
Fill high the cup, but when the soul rejoices,
Forget not who are gone!

They that stood with us, 'midst the dead and dying,
On Albuera's plain;
They that beside us cheerly track'd the flying,
Far o'er the hills of Spain;

They that amidst us, when the shells were showering
From old Rodrigo's wall,
The rampart scaled, through clouds of battle towering,
First, first at Victory's call!

They that upheld the banners, proudly waving,
In Roncesvalles' dell;
With England's blood the southern vineyards laving,
Forget not how they fell!

Sing, sing in memory of the brave departed,
Let song and wine be pour'd!
Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless-hearted,
Our brethren of the sword!

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HAUNTED GROUND.

"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever—it may be a sound,
A tone of music, Summer eve, or Spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain, wherewith we are darkly bound."

BYRON.

YES, it *is* haunted, this quiet scene,
Fair as it looks, and all softly green;
Yet fear thou not—for the spell is thrown,
And the might of the shadow, on me alone.

Are thy thoughts wandering to elves and fays,
And spirits that dwell where the water plays?
Oh! in the heart there are stronger powers,
That sway, though viewless, this world of ours!

Have I not lived 'midst these lonely dells,
And loved, and sorrow'd, and heard farewells,
And learn'd in my own deep soul to look,
And tremble before that mysterious book?

Have I not, under these whispering leaves,
Woven such dreams as the young heart weaves?
Shadows—yet unto which life seem'd bound;
And is it not—is it not haunted ground?

Must I not hear what *thou* hearest not,
Troubling the air of the sunny spot?
Is there not something to rouse but me,
Told by the rustling of every tree?

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Song hath been here—with its flow of thought,
Love—with its passionate visions fraught;
Death—breathing stillness and sadness round—
And is it not—is it not haunted ground?

Are there no phantoms, but such as come
By night from the darkness that wraps the tomb?—
A sound, a scent, or a whispering breeze,
Can summon up mightier far than these!

But I may not linger amidst them here!
Lovely they are, and yet things to fear;
Passing and leaving a weight behind,
And a thrill on the chords of the stricken mind.

Away, away!—that my soul may soar
As a free bird of blue skies once more!
Here from its wing it may never cast
The chain by those spirits brought back from the past.

Doubt it not—smile not—but go thou, too,
Look on the scenes where thy childhood grew—
Where thou hast pray'd at thy mother's knee,
Where thou hast roved with thy brethren free;

Go thou, when life unto thee is changed,
Friends thou hast loved as thy soul, estranged;
When from the idols thy heart hath made,
Thou hast seen the colours of glory fade;

Oh! painfully then, by the wind's low sigh,
By the voice of the stream, by the flower-cup's dye,
By a thousand tokens of sight and sound,
Thou wilt feel thou art treading on haunted ground.

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THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS.

(WRITTEN AFTER READING THE MEMOIRS OF JOHN HUNTER.)

Is not thy heart far off amidst the woods,
Where the red Indian lays his father's dust,
And, by the rushing of the torrent floods
To the Great Spirit, bows in silent trust?
Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the foaming main,
To pour itself upon the wilds again?

They are gone forth, the desert's warrior-race,
By stormy lakes to track the elk and roe;
But where art thou, the swift one in the chase,
With thy free footstep and unfailing bow?
Their singing shafts have reach'd the panther's lair,
And where art thou?—thine arrows are not there.

They rest beside their streams—the spoil is won—
They hang their spears upon the cypress bough;
The night-fires blaze, the hunter's work is done—
They hear the tales of old—but where art thou?
The night-fires blaze beneath the giant pine,
And there a place is fill'd that once was thine.

For thou art mingling with the city's throng,
And thou hast thrown thine Indian bow aside;
Child of the forests! thou art borne along,
E'en as ourselves, by life's tempestuous tide.
But will this be? and canst thou *here* find rest?
Thou hadst thy nurture on the desert's breast.

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Comes not the sound of torrents to thine ear,
From the savannah-land, the land of streams?
Hear'st thou not murmurs which none else may hear?
Is not the forest's shadow on thy dreams?
They call—wild voices call thee o'er the main,
Back to thy free and boundless woods again.

Hear them not! hear them not!—thou canst not find
In the far wilderness what once was thine!
Thou hast quaff'd knowledge from the founts of mind,
And gathered loftier aims and hopes divine.
Thou know'st the soaring thought, the immortal strain—
Seek not the deserts and the woods again!

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF * * *.

In the full tide of melody and mirth—
While joy's bright spirit beams from every eye,
Forget not him, whose soul, though fled from earth,
Seems yet to speak in strains that cannot die.

Forget him not, for many a festal hour,
Charm'd by those strains, for us has lightly flown,
And memory's visions, mingling with their power,
Wake the heart's thrill at each familiar tone.

Blest be the harmonist, whose well-known lays
Revive life's morning dreams when youth is fled,

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And, fraught with images of other days,
Recall the loved, the absent, and the dead.

His the dear art whose spells awhile renew
Hope's first illusions in their tenderest bloom—
Oh! what were life, without such moments threw
Bright gleams, "like angel-visits," o'er its gloom?

THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

Yes, thou hast met the sun's last smile
From the haunted hills of Rome;
By many a bright Ægean isle
Thou hast seen the billows foam.

From the silence of the Pyramid,
Thou hast watch'd the solemn flow
Of the Nile, that with its waters hid
The ancient realm below.

Thy heart hath burn'd, as shepherds sung
Some wild and warlike strain,
Where the Moorish horn once proudly rung
Through the pealing hills of Spain.

And o'er the lonely Grecian streams
Thou hast heard the laurels moan,
With a sound yet murmuring in thy dreams
Of the glory that is gone.

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But go thou to the pastoral vales
Of the Alpine mountains old,
If thou wouldst hear immortal tales
By the wind's deep whispers told!

Go, if thou lovest the soil to tread
Where man hath nobly striven,
And life, like incense, hath been shed,
An offering unto Heaven.

For o'er the snows, and round the pines
Hath swept a noble flood;
The nurture of the peasant's vines
Hath been the martyr's blood!

A spirit, stronger than the sword,
And loftier than despair,
Through all the heroic region pour'd,
Breathes in the generous air.

A memory clings to every steep
Of long-enduring faith,
And the sounding streams glad record keep
Of courage unto death.

Ask of the peasant *where* his sires
For truth and freedom bled?
Ask, where were lit the torturing fires,
Where lay the holy dead?—

And he will tell thee, all around,
On fount, and turf, and stone,
Far as the chamois' foot can bound,
Their ashes have been sown!

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Go, when the Sabbath-bell is heard[1]
Up through the wilds to float,
When the dark old woods and caves are stirr'd
To gladness by the note.

When forth, along their thousand rills,
The mountain people come,
Join thou their worship on those hills
Of glorious martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends,
And while the torrent's voice,
Like the swell of many an organ, blends,
Then let thy soul rejoice.

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn,
Through shame, through death made strong,
Before the rocks and heavens have borne
Witness of God so long!

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[1] See *Gilly's Researches among the Mountains of Piedmont*, for an interesting account of a Sabbath-day among the upper regions of the Vaudois. The inhabitants of these Protestant valleys, who, like the Swiss, repair with their flocks and herds to the summit of the hills during the summer, are followed thither by their pastors, and at that season of the year assemble on that sacred day to worship in the open air.

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SONG OF THE SPANISH WANDERER.

Pilgrim! O say, hath thy cheek been fann'd
By the sweet winds of my sunny land?
Know'st thou the sound of its mountain pines?
And hast thou rested beneath its vines?

Hast thou heard the music still wandering by,
A thing of the breezes, in Spain's blue sky,
Floating away o'er hill and heath,
With the myrtle's whisper, the citron's breath?

Then say, are there fairer vales than those
Where the warbling of fountains for ever flows?
Are there brighter flowers than mine own, which wave
O'er Moorish ruin and Christian grave?

O sunshine and song! they are lying far
By the streams that look to the western star;
My heart is fainting to hear once more
The water-voices of that sweet shore.

Many were they that have died for thee,
And brave, my Spain! though thou art not free;
But I call them blest—they have rent *their* chain—
They sleep in thy *valleys*, my sunny Spain!

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THE CONTADINA.

WRITTEN FOR A PICTURE.

Not for the myrtle, and not for the vine,
Though its grape, like a gem, be the sunbeam's shrine;
And not for the rich blue heaven that showers
Joy on thy spirit, like light on the flowers;
And not for the scent of the citron trees—
Fair peasant! I call thee not blest for *these*.

Not for the beauty spread over thy brow,
Though round thee a gleam, as of spring, it throw;
And not for the lustre that laughs from thine eye,
Like a dark stream's flash to the sunny sky,
Though the south in its riches nought lovelier sees—
Fair peasant! I call thee not blest for *these*.

But for those breathing and loving things—
For the boy's fond arm that around thee clings,
For the smiling cheek on thy lap that glows,
In the peace of a trusting child's repose—
For the hearts whose home is thy gentle breast,
Oh! richly I call thee, and deeply blest!

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

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